In this issue *of* The Outlook

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"Karl Marx's Work Has Stood the Test of Time"

Emile Vandervelde, Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs, tells how and why in next week's issue of The Outlook.

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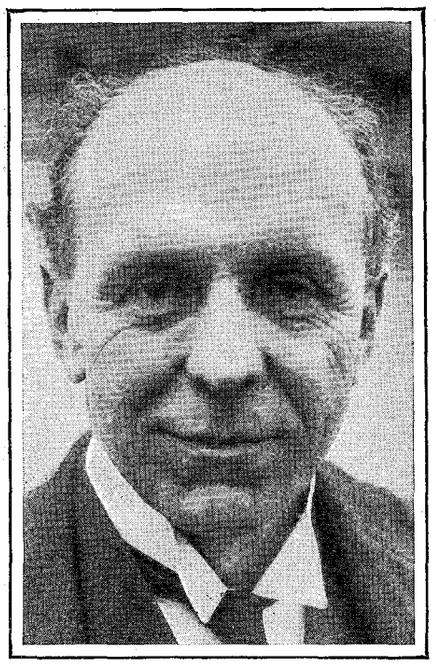
The Outlook

Volume 146 June 29, 1927 Number 9



Keystone

Viscount Robert Cecil, second member of the British delegation

Keystone

William Clive Bridgeman, First Lord of the Admiralty, chief of the British delegation

Photograph from Adachi

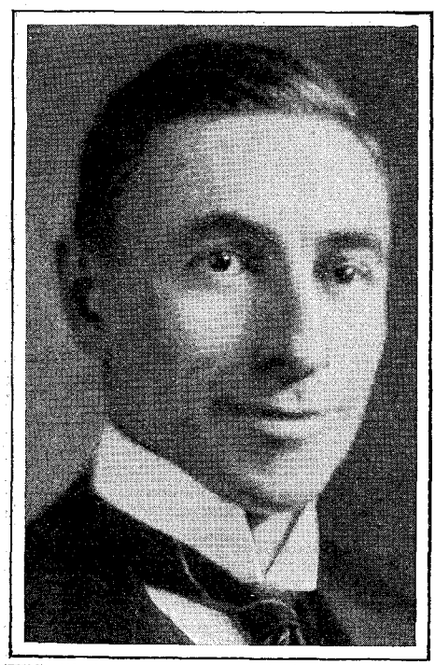
Admiral Viscount Saito, head of the Japanese delegation

The Naval Conference

AT Geneva, Switzerland, the United States, Great Britain, and Japan are resuming a Conference which they began over five and a half years ago at Washington.

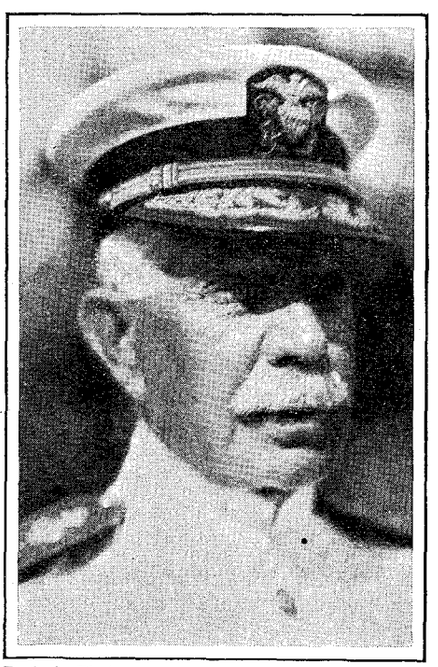
In the nature of the case, it is impossible for the Naval Conference at Geneva to be as dramatic or as interesting to the peoples of the three countries involved as the Washington Conference was. It is never exciting to dispose of unfinished business.

At Washington the American Secretary of State, Charles E. Hughes, startled the world by laying down a very simple proposal to the countries that were competing in naval armament. That proposal was to "stop now." It was so simple as to be revolutionary. When the idea sank in, it seemed reasonable and was in substance accepted. It left the three chief naval Powers of the world with navies bearing the rela-



Wide World (C) Harris & Ewing

Ambassador Hugh S. Gibson, head of the American delegation



P. & A. Photos

Rear-Admiral Hilary P. Jones, vice-chairman of the American delegation

Photograph from Adachi

Viscount Ishii, second member of the Japanese delegation

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tion to one another of 5 to 5 to 3. That is, for every five tons in the Navy of the United States there were five tons in the British and three tons in the Japanese. This, however, applied only to capital ships. Inasmuch as the capital ship is the chief arm of a great navy, the limitation on the building of capital ships ended the serious naval competition.

But, largely because Italy and France, who were both members of the Washington Naval Conference, had ideas of their own about needs for their own defense, no agreement was reached as to the relative tonnage of cruisers, submarines, and other minor vessels. Since then both Great Britain and Japan have been building cruisers, while the United States has done little to increase the power of its cruiser fleet. It would be very easy to start a new naval competition in the building of auxiliary naval craft. If such a competition were started, the United States would probably outdistance every other country. We Americans do not want to enter such a race, and neither apparently do the British or the Japanese. Hence this Conference at Geneva.

What the American delegation at Geneva proposes is that the ratio of 5–5–3, now applied to capital ships (all of them being vessels of more than ten thousand tons each), be applied to all combatant naval vessels of ten thousand tons or less, including cruisers, destroyers, and submarines.

Because, however, the proportion of cruisers in the British Navy is very large, while in the American Navy the proportion of destroyers and submarines is very large, the American delegation does not propose to apply this ratio strictly to each class separately. According to the ideas of the American delegation, America would have a tonnage of cruisers not to exceed 300,000, Great Britain not to exceed 300,000, and Japan not to exceed 180,000. Likewise America would have a tonnage of destroyers not to exceed 250,000, Great Britain not to exceed 250,000, and Japan not to exceed 150,000. But to apply this strictly would be to order the scrapping of a great many vessels and permit the building of a great many new ones. To avoid the waste and cost of unnecessary building, the American delegation proposes that for a period of adjustment the tonnage of cruisers and destroyers be lumped so that the proportion would be 550,000 to 550,000 to 330,000; that whatever exceeds this total tonnage be scrapped, each nation being the judge of whatever of its own vessels within those classes should be scrapped; but that replacement of any class of vessel should be allowed only within the allowed maximum tonnage of that class. Thus in replacing cruisers no vessel should be built that would bring the American or British cruiser tonnage above 300,000.

Three Proposals Contrasted

To the ordinary citizen, who knows little about the Navy, all this may sound rather technical. It certainly is not a simple and dramatic proposal like Secretary Hughes's "Stop now!" Yet it is, after all, not very complicated. It is a proposal simply to let cruisers, destroyers, and submarines follow the example set by the capital ships.

To put it another way, the Americans simply say, Let the whole of the three navies follow the ratio of 5–5–3.

The Japanese, on the other hand, have made a proposal that is even more simple than the Americans', and perhaps for that reason may seem more plausible. It is that the Conference at Geneva do with the auxiliary ships what the Washington Conference did with the capital ships—stop now. The Japanese proposal would bring to an end whatever naval competition there is precisely as the Naval Conference of 1921 brought to an end the naval competition of that year. It has the force of logic. If the three countries really want to end the naval competition, the simplest way to do it is to end it. But the proposal is not quite as simple as it sounds. It was one thing to end a race for power; it is another thing to end naval building programs, which may not be essentially a race at all. If the three nations stop building auxiliary vessels except to replace those already existing as they become obsolete, their navies would be unbalanced and inefficient even for defensive purposes. It is better, in our judgment, to adapt the navies to the ratio already existing.

The British, in contrast both to the American and Japanese, propose to revise the whole Washington Treaty. Their suggestion is the most radical of all and least logical. Their idea is to reduce the tonnage of every permissible capital ship in the future, change the definition already made of a cruiser, so that hereafter no cruisers should be built exceeding 7,500 tons, and reduce the armament now permitted by the Washington Treaty. As Captain Overstreet points out in an article in this issue, any suggestion to reduce the cruising radius of naval vessels would be of distinct advantage to the Power having the most naval bases—which is Great Britain. While, therefore, the British proposal seems like a radical step toward disarmament, it would be in effect an enhancement of British naval power. It does not seem at all likely that the United States will take up the question of revising the Washington Treaty or that American naval experts will consent to proposals that would simply increase the value of naval bases without accomplishing any result in reducing or limiting equally the naval power of the strongest nations on the sea.

Biting Off What They Can Chew

It is not possible within a limited space to give an account of the three proposals—American, British, Japanese—before the Geneva Naval Conference. All that we have undertaken to do is to pick out what seems to us the salient point in each of these proposals and to indicate what its general effect would be if adopted. Just because the character of this Conference is somewhat more technical than that of the Conference at Washington the danger that the general purpose of the Conference will be thwarted by disagreements between experts or, what would be worse, by tactical advantage secured by one nation over another is greater.

The Washington Conference was carried on under the scrutiny of a world public opinion such as has not been and could not be aroused over this Conference. Nevertheless the prospect for the success of this Conference seems to us no less bright. In the first place, it is easier for three nations than for five or more nations to agree. In the second place, the fear of war, which was a real factor in the calling of the Washington Conference, is wholly absent now, and with it that distrust, or the suspicion of the distrust, of others that hampered some of the delegations at Washington. In the third place, the problem before this Conference, even though perhaps essentially technical, is very much simpler than that before the Conference at Washington; for in 1921 and 1922 the whole problem was primarily one of settling the complicated questions of policies in the Far East, and questions of naval power had to wait upon questions of national policy. Now there are no such outstanding questions of policy demanding prime consideration.

If successful, this Naval Conference is likely to have very much wider effect than that of merely limiting the auxiliary vessels of three nations. It will indicate to the other nations of the world a way of reducing the burden of armament. It will furnish, not only an example of good

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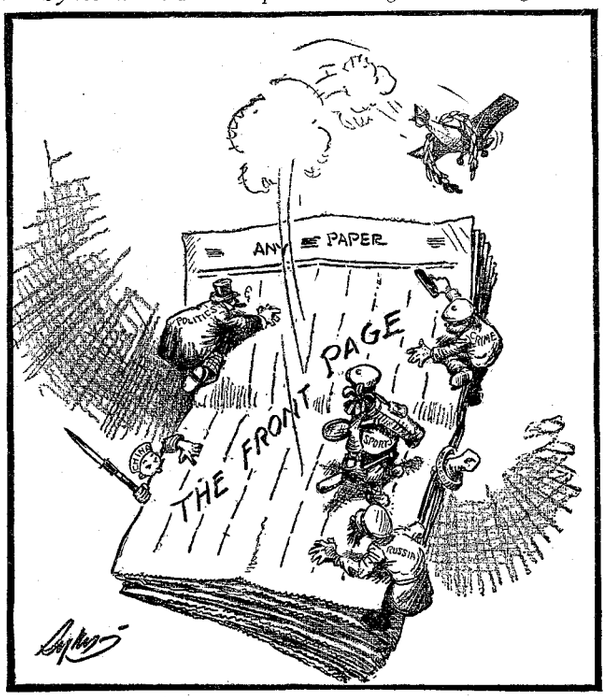
Look to't, think on't

(Romeo and Juliet, Act III, Scene 5)

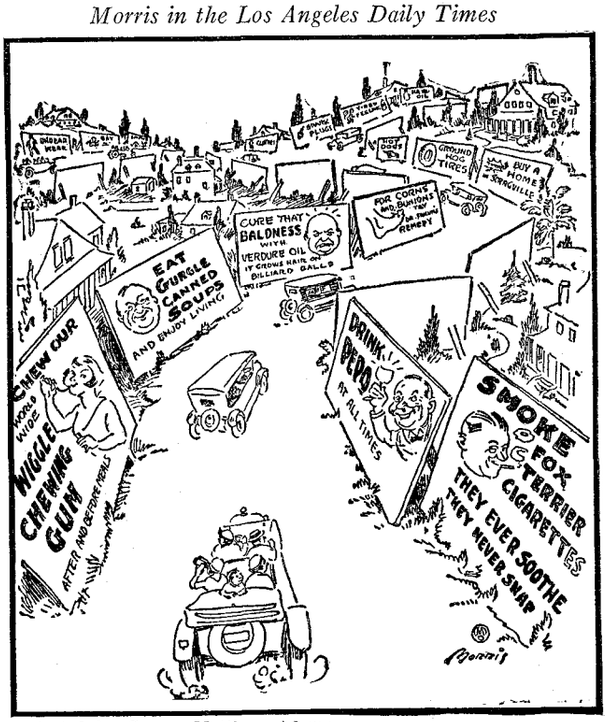
Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



"There's room for us again!"

From L. B. Stewart, Moylan, Pa.

Morris in the Los Angeles Daily Times

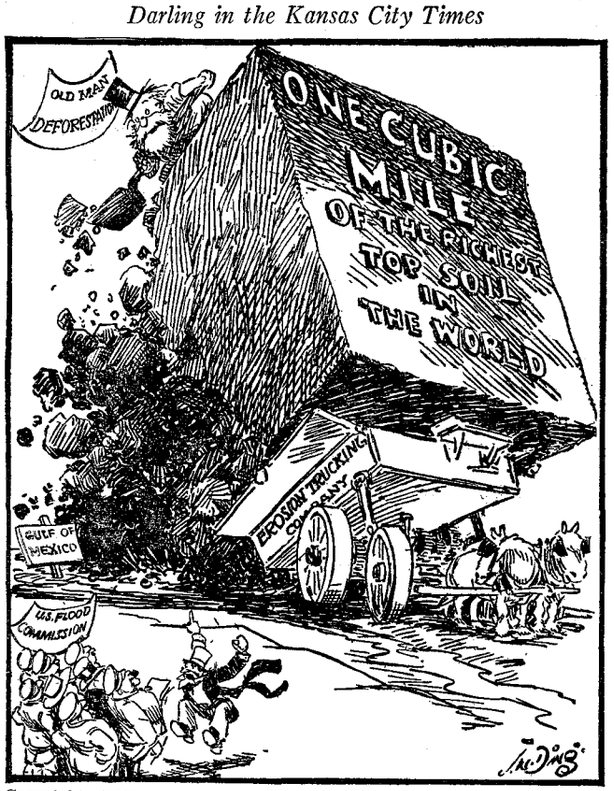

CURE THAT BALDNESS WITH VERDURE OIL
EAT GURGLE CANNED SOUPS AND ENJOY LIVING
CHEW OUR WORLD WIDE WIGGLE CHEWING GUM
AFTER AND BEFORE MEALS
DRINK PEPO
SMOKE FOX TERRIER CIGARETTES
THEY EVER SOOTHE THEY NEVER SNAP

Protected by George Matthew Adams

Picture-sque America

From Mrs. John P. Fisk, Redlands, Cal.

Darling in the Kansas City Times


OLD MAN DEFORESTATION
ONE CUBIC MILE OF THE RICHEST TOP SOIL ON THE WORLD
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More fertility than can be replaced artificially in a century

From Miss Madge Sullivant, Kansas City, Mo.

Alley in the Memphis Commercial Appeal

Poor business

From Miss Nannie H. Rice, A. & M. College, Miss.

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will in practical operation, but a method of applying good will to a particular problem. The very simplicity and limited character of the Conference will have a good effect if it helps to dispel the illusion that there is something noble in grandiose plans that come to nothing. The greatest advances have always been made step by step. The principle that underlay the Washington Conference and underlies that at Geneva is of international action by a limited number of nations for specific purposes. In following that principle the nations of the world, we think, have the best chance of securing justice.

Germany Loses at Geneva

REDUCTION of the forces of occupation in the Rhineland was the main concession that Germany sought at the June session in Geneva of the Council of the League of Nations. It was refused, and Foreign Minister Stresemann returned to Berlin to face the disappointment and criticism of his Nationalist foes.

The reason for the refusal was, chiefly, a report by Marshal Foch, of France. The former Supreme Commander of the Allies cited four points on which Germany has failed to give satisfaction under the terms of the peace treaties:

1. Destruction of fortifications along the frontiers of Silesia and East Prussia.
2. Refusal of the Reichstag to vote special laws concerning trade in war materials.
3. Refusal to reform the Prussian police force, which is still equipped on a military basis.
4. Refusal to sell or convert 800 barracks that belonged to the Imperial Army.

In addition, Premier Poincaré, of France, expressed dissatisfaction with the German attitude toward the operation of the reparation program. Consequently, his Foreign Minister, M. Briand, was unable to put through the plan he personally favored for reduction of the Rhineland forces. The Council sessions ended inconclusively with reported agreements to make individual representations to the Governments of Soviet Russia and Poland, and of Jugoslavia and Albania, against any acts likely to disturb the peace between them, and to protest to the Soviet Government against the political executions in Russia.

Premier Poincaré followed up the Geneva meetings with a public attack on Germany, charging her with bad faith in execution of the peace treaties and with an attempt to cut down the damage payments due under the Dawes Plan—which Agent-General Gilbert has lately declared she can pay. The League Council sessions brought to public attention, therefore, anything but a pacific situation in Europe.

G. E. Tripp
1865–1927

In this industrial age the men who have the most influence on the lives of their fellowmen are probably the leaders and directors of great industrial concerns. Although not one of the famous men of America, Guy Eastman Tripp, a native of Maine, who died recently in New York at sixty-two years of age, was certainly in one of the high places of power. He was Chairman of the Board of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company and was a director of large corporations. During the war Mr. Tripp was Chief of the Production Division of the Ordnance Department at Washington and assistant to the Chief of Ordnance, with responsibility for expenditures involving sixteen billion dollars; and for his services was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal

Daudet Surrenders

CONFRONTED by three fire-engines, the royalists of France have surrendered to the Republican Government. Without bloodshed or further disturbance Léon Daudet, who had taken refuge in the office of his newspaper, "L'Action Française," and refused to serve the prison sentence imposed upon him for his libel of a taxi driver, gave himself up to the police in order to avert civil war.

In many ways this farcical drama, staged as it only could be staged in Paris, is simply funny. The royalist leader surrendering with all the honors of war when fire hose threatened his dignity! But at the same time it should be regarded more seriously. Perhaps M. Daudet could not have provoked civil war, but it is well to remember that he could have given the signal for serious disturbances. A million royalists share his scorn for Republican France through his paper he commands an audience of about one hundred thousand ardent sympathizers, and thousands of hot-headed youths, trained and organized as the Camelots du Roi, are ready to follow wherever he leads. His influence is not negligible.

It is not that there is any real danger of a royalist movement in France, but that Daudet is a personage. Too powerful to be wholly ridiculous, he is too ridiculous to turn his lost cause into a definite reality. Yet whether he simply feared for his own dignity or truly surrendered because he did not wish "that human blood flow and a civil war be unchained," it is fortunate for the peace of Paris that he did give himself up.

Political Confusion in Ireland

WHEN the complicated counting of votes in the recent Irish election was over, it appeared that the Governmental group in the Dail had forty-six or forty-seven seats secured. President Cosgrave had made it known that he would not carry on the Government unless his party had fifty votes; but it seems to be the opinion now that he will not insist on these exact figures. As the De Valera faction had forty-four members elected, the margin of the Cosgrave party seems small; but it is not at all certain that the De Valera members will occupy any seats at all in this Dail, for they seem disposed to balk flatly at the oath of allegiance to King George. If, however, they yield to the pressure of the situation and curb their verbal animosity to the crown, it would still be possible for President Cosgrave to form a coalition which would give him a working majority. The Labor Party alone would give the Government such a majority, and this might be increased by votes from the independents and the farmer members.

There may be a scene of excitement when the matter of allegiance is brought up in the Dail, but there seems to be no likelihood of revolution or even of serious rioting—and that means a good deal in bellicose Ireland.

The Shades of Mr. Pickwick

NOTHING evokes the scorn of to-day's modernists more than an idea, custom, or book which can be branded as Victorian. In the midst of this sometimes raucous admiration for the present

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it comes with a shock to learn that some people so hold to the past that there can be such an organization as a Dickens Fellowship, and that fifty of its members are this summer planning to sail to England on a pilgrimage to visit the sites and scenes which their author has made immortal.

Dickens may be entirely outmoded, but something about him holds the affections of vast numbers of people. A little while ago a group of Englishmen carefully fitted out a coach and made the famous ride from the Golden Cross to Rochester which Mr. Pickwick and his friends planned but never took. Now this band of American pilgrims plans to follow in the tracks of Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, seek out the haunts of Uriah Heep, Mr. Micawber, and a dozen other characters whom all the world remembers, and even follow the Dover Post Road, which Dickens immortalized in "The Tale of Two Cities." The pilgrims hope to reanimate the spirit of the England of Dickens and to find in the people along the way the same characters which the novelist created. It may be a vain hope—we cannot believe that any one quite like Mr. Pickwick could ever exist—but we wish them all manner of luck in their search into the past.

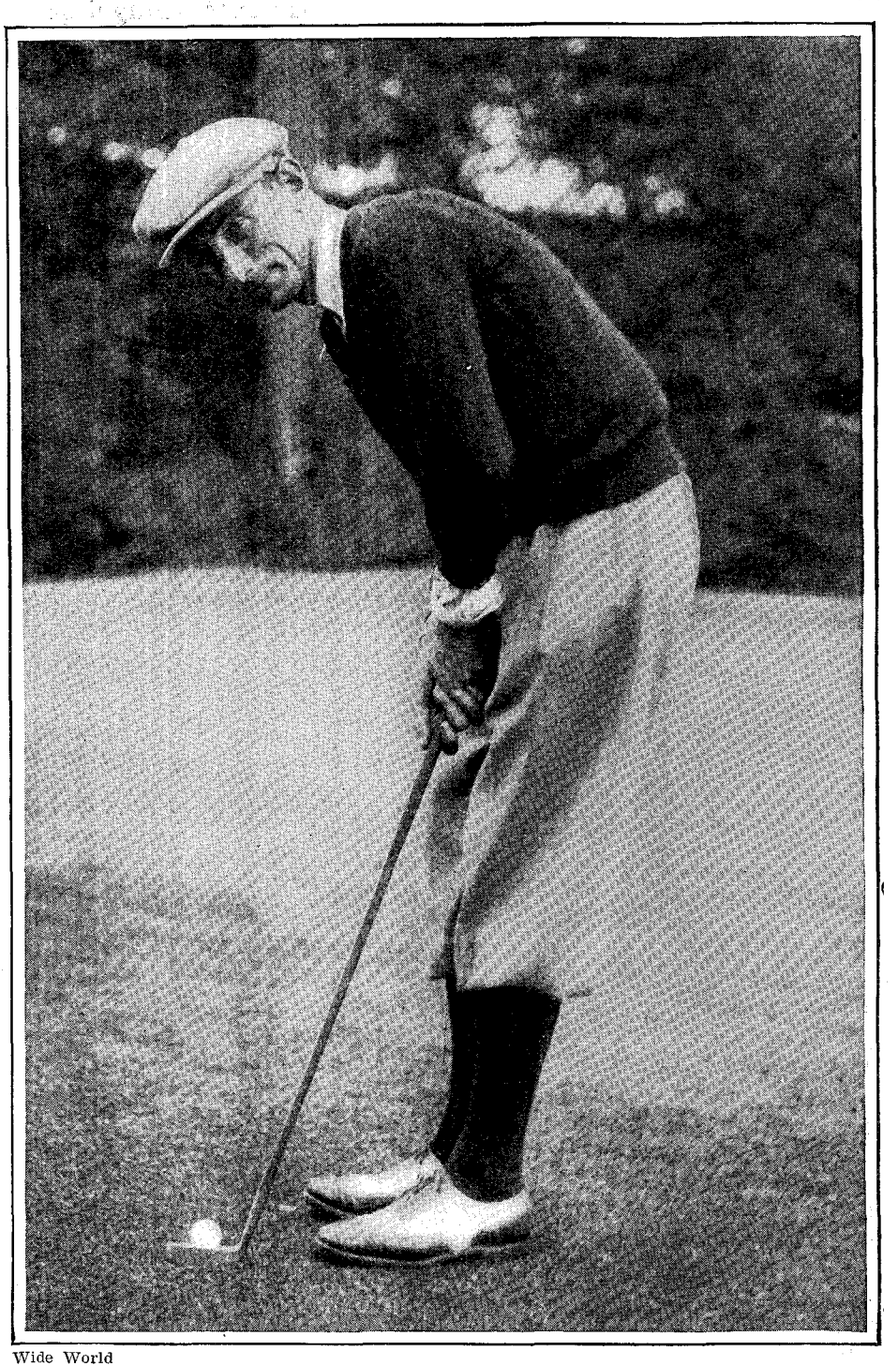
However quixotic this pilgrimage may seem, it is interesting that there are fifty people willing to make it. In fifty or one hundred years will there be a Wells Fellowship or a Lewis Association? Will there be pilgrimages to the haunts of Mr. Britling or visits to Sauk Center? We somehow doubt it.

Northern China Chooses a Dictator

CHANG TSO-LIN has been made "Generalissimo of the forces for the suppression of Communism in China." A ritual of installation during which he took an oath of office occurred in the Hall of Ceremonies at Peking, where Chinese Presidents have been inducted into the post of Chief Executive. But in the case of Marshal Chang the only reality in the affair was the public announcement of what has long been the fact—that he is the dictator of northern China.

Marshal Chang, Military Governor of the three provinces of Manchuria, has been the chief of the alliance of northern military governors against the Nationalists of southern and central China. His allies are the Governors of the provinces of Chihli and Shantung. Now, instead of three associated armies, there will be one northern army opposed to General Chiang Kai-shek and the Nationalist forces. These forces have continued their advance toward Peking despite political dissensions between the moderate faction headed by General Chiang and his administration, which has been set up at Nanking, and the more radical faction established at Hankow. The two seem to be at one, at least, in attacking the militarists.

Marshal Chang, of Manchuria, began his career as a bandit, and so distinguished himself in that way and by lending aid to Japan in the Russo-Japanese War that when he surrendered to the Chinese authorities after the war he was named Governor of Fengtien, one of the three Manchurian provinces. He gradually extended his power over the other two, maintained close relations with Japan, and made himself the strongest military leader in northern China. His appointment as dictator represents the last stand of the militarist chiefs facing the challenge of the Nationalist movement with its appeal to the rank and file of the people.



Wide World

Tommy Armour, the new National Open Golf Champion

Armour—Champion

AGAIN the annual crown for the American golf championship has been awarded, and this time it does not adorn the brow of Bobby Jones. Atlanta's famous son did not even occupy his familiar place of runner-up. The open champion of America is a native son of

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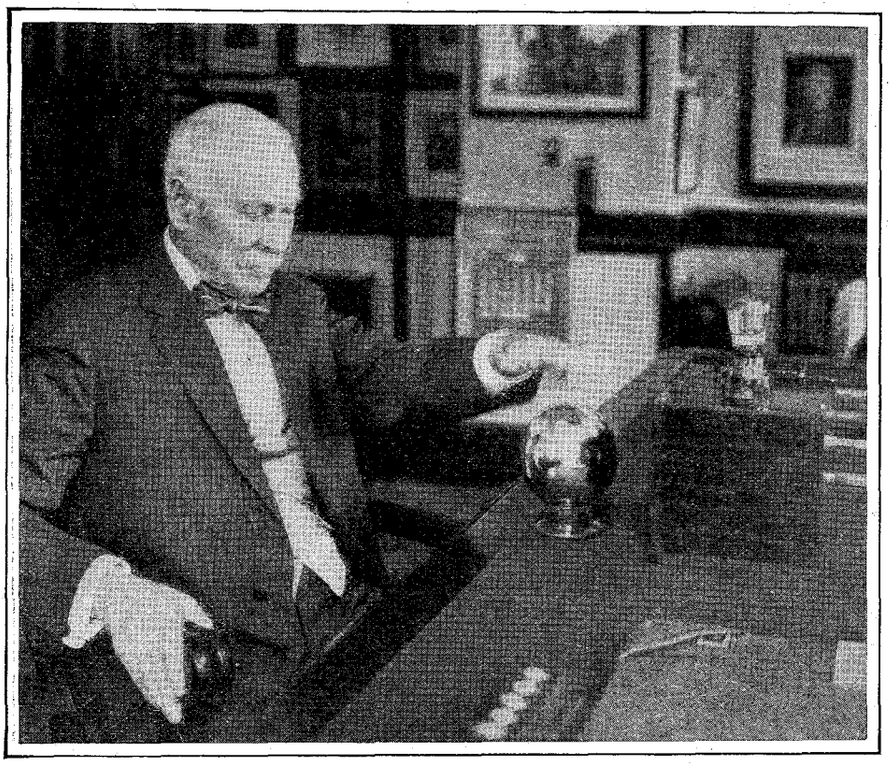

Courtesy Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.

This is not the picture of a seer looking for a vision in a crystal globe. It is a picture of Elbert H. Gary, who by the wave of a hand and the wand of modern science is starting the wheels turning in a great steel plant

Scotland, Thomas Armour, a British amateur who turned professional after the war.

Armour's war record lends interest to his present achievement, for in that greatest contest of all he entered as a private and won his majority for extreme gallantry under fire. He is handicapped by the loss of an eye in battle and he served under the British colors for four long years.

The runner-up was Harry Cooper. He was born in England but was brought to America by his father as a child. Cooper and Armour were forced to play off a tie for the title after Armour had made an up-hill fight which left him on even terms with his rival at the seventy-second hole.

A Righteous Pardon

GOVERNOR YOUNG, of California, has rightly and wisely pardoned Charlotte Anita Whitney. We discussed at some length a few weeks ago the decision of the United States Supreme Court in this famous case. That decision held that the California courts were within their rights in deciding that the Criminal Syndicalism Act was Constitutional and that the conviction of Miss Whitney by a jury was not reviewable by the United States Supreme Court.

But the conviction of Miss Whitney was nevertheless a stretching of the law. She was a social worker, was not an Anarchist, and only indirectly was connected with the adoption by a society to which she belonged of a resolution (opposed by her) which was interpreted as inflammatory.

Governor Young gave half a dozen convincing reasons for the pardon. He held that under ordinary circumstances there would have been no trial; that the Criminal Syndicalism Act was intended primarily to deal with organizations actually advocates of violence, terrorism, or sabotage, not with a Communist labor party; that Miss Whitney, in fact, had respect for law and was averse to violence; and, finally, that "whatever may be thought as to the folly of her misdirected sympathies, Miss Whitney, lifelong friend of the unfortunate, in any true sense, is not a criminal, and to condemn her at sixty years of age to a felon's cell is an action which is absolutely unthinkable."

Beyond a doubt, fair-minded men and women, not only in California, but wherever this case has been followed intelligently, will applaud Governor Young's action and agree with his reasons.

The Battle of Jutland—New Jersey

WHAT has been called the Battle of Jutland was waged about six months ago in and about a New Jersey farmhouse in the township of Jutland. On one side were two elderly farmers (brothers) named Meaney and their sister; on the other side were about fifteen or twenty State troopers. One of the brothers was crippled by a shot in the leg; the sister was killed. It has been stated that at least a hundred bullets were fired into the house. The "battle" grew out of a complaint that the Meaneys had mistreated their cattle. The troopers declared that one of the Meaneys fired the first shot; the Meaneys asserted that they did not know the assailants were troopers. The attack on the house continued for hours.

After a long trial a jury has just found Lieutenant Rogers and Trooper Larsen guilty of manslaughter; while they acquitted the other men indicted, they asked the Court to reprimand them severely.

The reputation for courage and good conduct of State troopers generally is not destroyed or disparaged by this incident. There will always be individuals who lack judgment and are incapable of recognizing the limits beyond which police may not act. Apparently these men supposed that their authority was unlimited and that any failure to obey their orders justified them in slaying the offenders offhand. Restraint and intelligent exercise of moral suasion do not seem to have occurred to them. A coroner's jury described the killing of Beatrice Meaney as "an atrocious attack." This was a case where the degree of force used was not reasonable or fitted to the offense, if offense there were, —rather, as the prosecuting attorney said, it was "an excessive and wanton use of force."

Even policemen (or rather, perhaps, policemen especially) must show tact and common sense. In this case they did not, but in the great majority of cases they do, even in the face of trying and dangerous circumstances.

Abracadabra

IN fairy tales wonders were done by the wave of a wand or of the empty hand. That was the height or depth of magic. The other day the wave of a man's hand above a glass sphere started machinery working four hundred miles away. The man who waved his hand was Judge Elbert H. Gary, Chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Corporation, who at the time was at his office in New York, and the machinery set in motion was that of the Homestead Plant at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Of course, the magic force was electricity. By means of radio waves and electric currents over the wires the weak force

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affected by Judge Gary's hand was built up into a force that affected the generator that drove the machinery. What is the difference between this and magic?

Burbank's Farm Leased

About a month ago (May 18) The Outlook reported the failure of the plan to perpetuate the work of Luther Burbank by establishing a foundation projected by Stanford University. The effort to raise $100,000,000 for the purpose failed. It looked as if the famous experimental gardens near Sebastopol, California, would cease to exist at the end of this summer. Mrs. Burbank, however, has evidently decided otherwise.

According to an air mail despatch from our Pacific coast correspondent, Mrs. Burbank has announced that she has made arrangements to lease the experimental farm at Sebastopol for ten years to a private concern, the Stark Plant Breeding Farm and Nursery Company of Louisiana, Missouri. Fruit and ornamental trees which Burbank had perfected will be tried out and efforts will be made to complete the experiments which he had begun and to reduce his methods to a definite system. Plans are under way for building a plant laboratory at Sebastopol.

To those who regard Mr. Burbank's experiments in plant breeding, the notes of his experiments, and the varieties of plants, trees, flowers, fruits, and vegetables which he produced as important and valuable, this news will bring a sense of relief, as would the news of any other act in the prevention of serious public loss; but Mr. Burbank's real service was not as a scientist or as a plant breeder, but as a popularizer of plant breeding. By his methods and personality he captured the public imagination and personified the efforts of scores of others in controlling plants to the advantage and delight of mankind. One of the reasons for famine in China is that there is no wide knowledge of plant breeding or plant selection. Where public opinion is aroused for the improvement of plants, there public welfare is promoted. Luther Burbank did probably more than anybody else of his times to arouse public interest in this important subject. Others have equaled or excelled him in the production of useful varieties. Others have contributed to the science of genetics or plant breeding, to which he contributed little, if anything. But no one else made it possible to get public support for the art and science of plant breeding to the extent that he did. One might say that he dramatized plant breeding as Lindbergh dramatized aviation. The establishment of the plant breeding laboratory in the United States Department of Agriculture in 1897 was, for example, largely due to the influence of Burbank's work. It seems a pity, therefore, that the value of his name with the traditions that cluster about it could not have been transferred to an educational institution.

Wide World

Bert Acosta, Commander Richard E. Byrd, George O. Noville

The America's Voyage

As this issue of The Outlook goes to press Commander Richard E. Byrd's great monoplane America is apparently on the eve of its take-off. There are several things in connection with this transatlantic voyage which make it a distinguished attempt at flying across the sea, different from the transatlantic flights hitherto made.

The America, although a monoplane, is an airship of great strength and capacity. It is to carry, unless plans are changed at the last moment, four persons—namely, Commander Byrd, Bert Acosta as second pilot, Lieutenant George O. Noville as radio operator, and probably Lieutenant Balchen as a spare member of the crew. This alone makes the undertaking a record for an airplane and is an indication of the possibilities of sea passenger transportation of the future. For the first time, also, authorized and official mail across the Atlantic by airplane will be carried by the America. The Postmaster-General made Commander Byrd a sworn postal official for this purpose. Mails for the America closed at ten o'clock P.M. on June 20, with two hundred letters in a special weather-proof sack weighing seven pounds.

Commander Byrd takes aviation seriously. His flights have always helped in extending knowledge of flying conditions and in the advance of the science of aviation. His great feat of flying from Spitzbergen to the North Pole and back to his base was done easily and took only fifteen hours; but the preparation, equipment, and conduct of this polar exploit were thought out with true scientific precision.

The aviation experts and the public at

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large have great confidence in Commander Byrd, and the feeling is strong that his new undertaking will be carried through with success—and this is so because it is not merely a startling "stunt," but a planned and intelligent effort to aid the world's knowledge of the principles and possibilities of super-flying.

Spectacles and Facts

Most of us wear colored spectacles. Seen through those of Colonel Mitchell, once of the Army Air Service, the flight of Lindbergh becomes a perfect demonstration of the incompetence of the Naval Air Service. According to Colonel Mitchell, whose favorite theme is that battleships are as obsolete as all Army and Navy experts except himself, the Navy joined in the celebration of Lindbergh's triumph to distract attention from its own incompetence and permitted—we think this is a fair inference—Lindbergh's plane to become damaged in order to discredit aviation. The temper of Mitchell's comment ought to eliminate him finally from public consideration as an adviser on naval and military affairs.

Most of us look through colored glasses, as we have said, and Oswald Garrison Villard finds in Lindbergh's achievement a triumph for the spirit of pacifism, and commends him for the fact that, though he was a captain in the Missouri National Guard, he flew not in uniform, an act which "befitted the son of a man who denounced the World War." We don't know how Mr. Villard reconciled himself to Lindbergh's appeal for more adequate air forces for our Army and Navy. It is possible that Mr. Villard observed this appeal through a particularly opaque spot in his glasses.

Meanwhile it appears that Lindbergh's own glasses have an exceptionally crystalline quality. He sees the problem of aviation simply and dramatically. He has turned the ovations which he has received into an educational campaign to make the public realize the essential needs of the art and science which he loves.

He has shown the business man that if aviation is to mean anything to him the various industrial communities of the country must provide facilities for landing within convenient range of the materials that are to be transported through the air.

In the neighborhood of such vast cities as New York it is no easy thing to secure adequate ground for an aviation field. The sooner this is accomplished, the cheaper it can be done. A site is available in the Jersey meadows, but aviators tell us that the morning mists that hang over these flats present difficulties to be surmounted. There are locations on Staten Island, not beyond easy access from Manhattan Island. There is, of course, the artificial extension to Governor's Island just below the tip of Manhattan. This is the most central location of all. Its development as a commercial airport for both seaplanes and land planes involves adjustments which might be difficult to accomplish with the Federal Government.

Great cities have developed in the past because their sites lay at the conjunction of two methods of transportation. It certainly seems probable that a safe and efficient airport will play a considerable part in the development of cities in the future. If Lindbergh's achievement will speed the development of such facilities, he will have performed a service to American aviation of outstanding proportions.

James A. Ten Eyck

the veteran coach of the crews of Syracuse University, recounts in the next issue of The Outlook some of the history and traditions of oarsmanship upon the Hudson

Home Again

After Paris, Brussels; after Brussels, London; after London, Washington; after Washington, New York; after New York, St. Louis.

Did ever any man in the history of the world receive such an ovation?

Tired, dazed, seemingly trying to understand that all this was meant for him, Colonel Charles Augustus Lindbergh (for he is Colonel now not only in the Missouri National Guard but also in the United States Reserves) has kept his poise.

In a sky that seemed full of planes Lindbergh arrived in the city that he calls home. It was in St. Louis that he had his headquarters as a mail pilot. It was in St. Louis that he got the financial support which made his flight alone across the Atlantic from New York to Paris possible. Here his welcome was that of the neighbors. As a flier he belonged to them as to no one else. He arrived on Saturday, June 18. That day and the next the people of St. Louis in crowds roared their welcome. There, as in New York, they showered him with confetti and flakes of paper. It was on the second day that they had a parade for him and with him. There he received his commissions as Colonel, the one from Governor Baker, of Missouri, the other from Dwight F. Davis, Secretary of War.

Everywhere the tribute has been not so much to the feat as to the man. It has not been to his skill in flying, but to his courage, his modesty, his self-control, his sanity, his thoughtfulness of others, his fine sense of proportion, his loyalty, his unswerving adherence to the course that seemed right to him, and those other qualities of character that have made him a personality as clear and distinctive as any in our history that this acclaim has been rendered. This public tribute is of itself a sign that the people of this country are sound. It shows what they value the most. It is a promise for the future of this people.

In the train of the acclamation there will come those who wish to profit by the aroused interest in aviation. There ought to be new life now for aviation as an industry; but there is danger that there will be new life also for spurious airplane concerns. Colonel Lindbergh has proved that aviation is on a sound basis. Let us keep it there.

Italy Cheers Its Great Airman

Colonel de Pinedo's welcome in Rome rivaled that of Colonel Lindbergh in New York. Mussolini and Cardinal Vannutelli greeted him at Ostia, ancient Rome's seaport; Pope Pius pinned medals on his breast; hundreds of thousands of Romans, noble and humble, crowded Rome's hot streets; bands played; parades marched; congratulations showered upon him and his two companions; a special service of thanksgiving at St. Peter's was announced.

Thus spectacularly ended a 25,000-mile air journey. The course was roundabout and was interrupted by accidents, the worst of which was the burning of the first Santa Maria plane near Roose-

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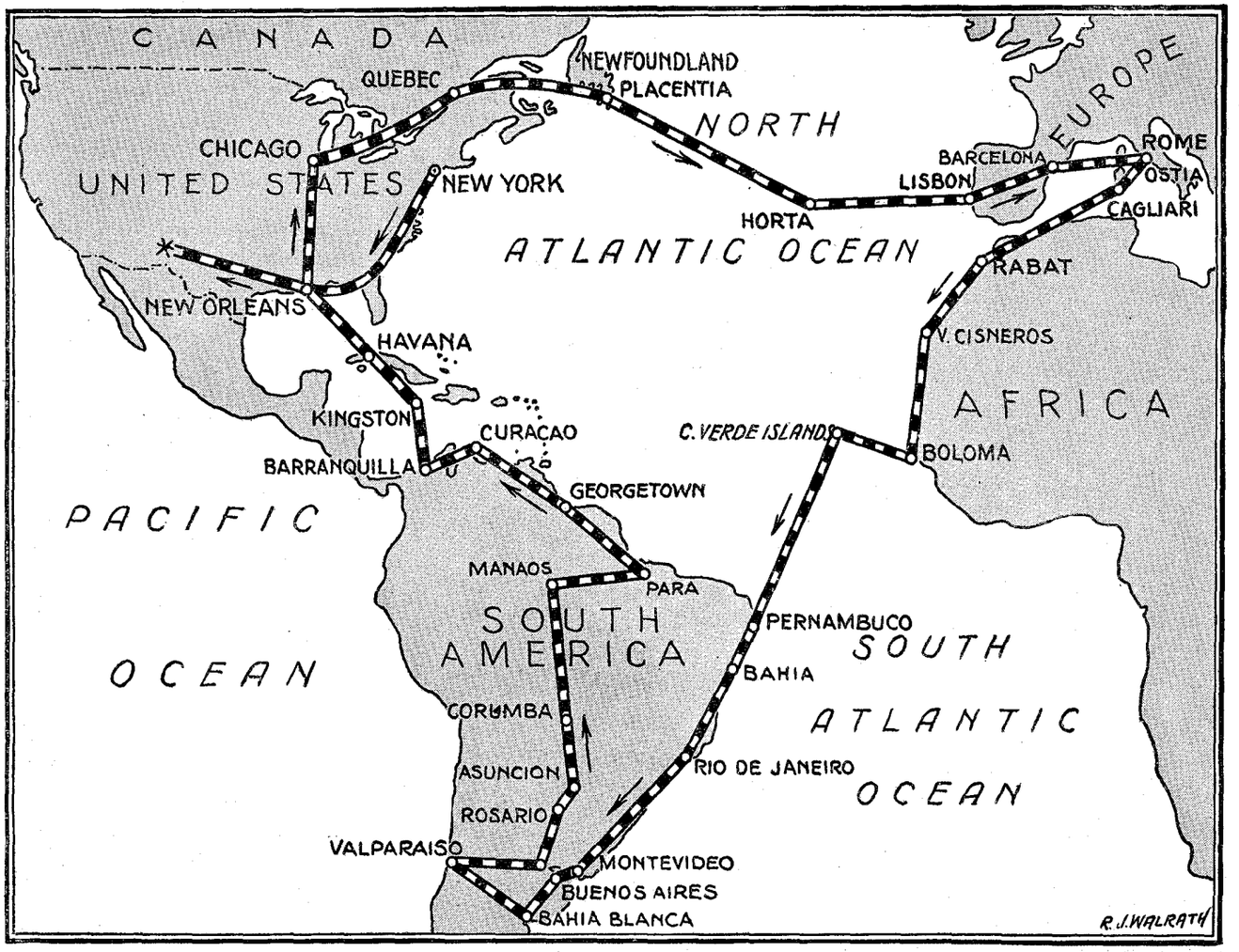

The amazing journey of Francisco de Pinedo

velt Dam, in Arizona, through the reckless carelessness of a cigarette smoker. Portugal, the Azores, Brazil, Argentina, America, West and East, Quebec, Newfoundland, and again the Azores (which de Pinedo reached by ship after a mishap at sea) were included in de Pinedo's route from Rome to Rome. His purpose was not to make records for speed, distance, or non-stop flights, but to show that aviation had reached the stage when "it is possible, without any special preparation, to fly over oceans and unexplored countries with a reasonable degree of safety." This he has certainly accomplished. He believes that seaplanes of the Santa Maria type are best for transoceanic use. His future ambition, it is reported, is for a round-the-world flight, starting with a non-stop jump from Genoa to Buenos Aires; thence he plans to fly by stages to Tokyo and back to Rome.

Sportsmanship, modesty, and competency were among the qualities ascribed to Francisco de Pinedo in the award to him of Great Britain's Air Force Cross. The words exactly describe what he is and what he has done. America salutes Italy in congratulation on her great airman.

Is Education for Sale?

TWO specters haunt these days of college commencements. One is the specter of college entrance examinations that pale the cheeks of candidates for college. The other is the specter of mounting expenses of college education that creases with anxiety the brows of the candidates' parents. As the marks come in one specter fades away. Within a few weeks the worst that examinations can tell will be known. But the other specter remains. At least those whose children have passed through the ordeal of the examiners renew their calculations of income and outgo and wonder how their purses can withstand the ordeal of term bills to come.

At this moment Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who is by no means unsympathetic by nature, but, on the contrary, extraordinarily considerate of others' needs, has chosen, above all other things, to advocate higher tuition fees. At present, according to Mr. Rockefeller, students' fees pay only about one-half the expense of maintaining the privately supported colleges and universities they attend. Therefore he suggests that tuition fees be increased so that they might pay a larger proportion of the modern costs of college and university education. His argument is, in brief, that students are no longer preparing themselves for the most part for the work of the ministry, or of teaching, or for other services from which the public gain is great but for which the remuneration is small. They go rather "for a good time, for social considerations, or to fit themselves to earn money." Moreover, the parents of a great many undergraduates can well afford to pay the additional tuition fee. To those students who cannot pay the increased fees should, in Mr. Rockefeller's opinion, be given more liberal scholarships or should be loaned larger amounts from funds provided for the purpose. For most students Mr. Rocke-

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feller thinks that loans with first repayment to be begun perhaps ten years after graduation would be sufficient. When repayment begins, the college income from these loans would be "constant and steady."

To some minds, perhaps to many, Mr. Rockefeller's proposal is quite persuasive. It seems reasonable that those who can pay the full cost of a college education should be charged with it. People who can afford to buy Lincoln cars or Rolls-Royces should, it would seem, be able to buy and pay for a college education for any son or daughter otherwise eligible. Of course, any who cannot pay for it out of hand should be able to buy it on the deferred-payment principle, as the wage-earner buys his modest Ford. There are too many going to college now, as it is. It seems reasonable and logical to build levees of higher tuition charges and divert the flood. Moreover, it is argued that higher tuition fees in universities where the cost is higher would help to divert the current setting toward them into channels that would lead to the smaller colleges. Grade your education as you grade your clothing or houses or any other commodities. For a low fee you could get a ready-made education of a somewhat cheap grade but good enough for practical purposes. Reserve your really higher education either for those who can afford it or those who are willing to take it as an out-and-out obvious charity, paying what they lack in dollars by the coin of the sense of independence and self-respect. Mr. Rockefeller proposes that the fees be raised gradually—say fifty dollars a year. Of course, we have to ignore the feelings of those to whom fifty dollars a year for each student in the family would not appear to be a gradual increase but a financial tidal wave. These are the very people who in these days when salaries have lagged behind wages and prices are the most likely to regard, not as a luxury, but as a necessity the resources that a college education supplies.

Who can really buy a college education? Not the veriest Crœsus. What one really gets in college as nowhere else cannot be bought with money. To think that the rich man who pays what might be called his share really gives value received is the greatest of delusions. There is not a man that ever got what a great university had to give him who ever could repay the university. Every college student is the debtor of those countless souls that have builded themselves into the university in which he lives and for the time has his being. The danger that would come from increasing tuition fees to anything approaching what is commonly called the cost of tuition would not be the danger to the poor but danger to the rich; for it would tend to create the impression, as false as it is fatal to culture, that the payment of a fee in full, no matter how high, would discharge the payer's obligation. Mr. Rockefeller hints that the time of great gifts to education is drawing to an end. If that is so, it means that one of the glories of America is fading. We do not believe it is so.

A Conspiracy Against the President

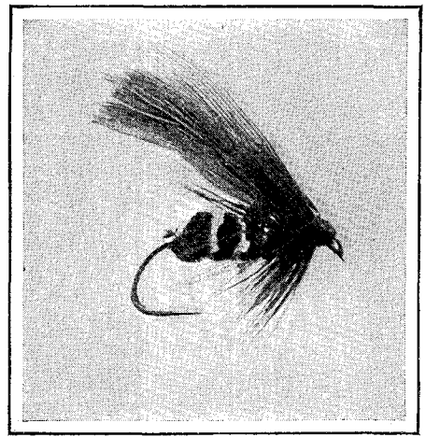
IF the fishing is half as good as they say it is out there in the Black Hills of South Dakota, there will come a day, some time in the next three months, when the Presidential creel will be filled long before the shades of night have fallen. The Presidential creel, as our illustration shows, is not an especially large one. The trout, we are told, of South Dakota State Park are of that ferocity and magnitude which trouble the dreams of anglers sleeping far from their beloved streams. It is, as we have said, entirely probable that some day (even with the assistance of two Secret Service men and the best of the Black Hills guides to carry the extra spoil) the President will have gathered all the trout that can be conveniently transported long before the hour when Black Gnats must give way to White Millers.

We are assuming, of course, that before that day comes the President will have abandoned the angleworms which now grace the Presidential hook for the more artistic fly. We have no special prejudice against the garden Hackle save for the belief, which we will defend to the death, that more pleasure is to be derived from the capture of one trout with a fly than from ten which have fed unwisely upon a diet of worms. The bait having given way to the feathered hook, and the feathered hook having filled the Presidential creel to repletion, there will arise an opportunity for the President to render a large service to American angling and, incidentally, should that be of interest to him, to secure the assurance of hundreds, if not thousands, of votes which may now be hanging in the balance.

That psychological momen. will come when the President says (or thinks): "I have all the fish I need. I'd like to keep on angling, but I don't wish to damage the trout I return to the water. I wonder what is the best thing to do." If then there is a guide present who is a mind-reader, he may step forward with his own fly-book and say, "Mr. President, I wonder if you'd like to try one of these barbless hooks."

That night forty-seven correspondents will telegraph the news that the President has landed a three-pounder on a barbless No. 10, and the great cause of trout conservation will be boosted into the headlines of papers all over the land. Talk about owning the pen with which Thomas Jefferson drew up the Declaration of Independence! Any angler would a thousand times rather have the first barbless hook to be used by a President of the United States.

If there's any one in the entourage of the President who is a barbless enthusiast, we'll send him any pattern of fly tied on a barbless hook which appeals to the taste and judgment of the trout of South Dakota—provided that he will agree to find a way to slip it into the Presidential fly-book. And with the fly will go our best wishes for the success of a beneficent conspiracy!



A veteran illustration

This picture of a barbless fly first appeared in The Outlook in an article advocating the use of the barbless hook March 3, 1920. Since that time it has been loaned for use in journals on both sides of the Atlantic on numerous occasions

Complaint from the Neighbors

AMERICAN tourists receive the most cordial of welcomes when they cross our northern frontier. That welcome goes deeper than any desire of railroads and hotels to profit by the presence of free-spending visitors. There is a real neighborliness across the line which Americans who have traveled in the Dominion of Canada have noted with enthusiasm. The hospitality of Canada implies a corresponding obliga-

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Underwood & Underwood

The President returns from a fishing expedition. What's in his creel?

tion on the part of Americans to bear in mind the fact that they are guests on foreign soil. The fact that the tide of visitors flows so much more strongly from the United States to Canada than from Canada to the United States makes this obligation doubly important. When in Rome or Canada, one should do what is agreeable to the Romans or the Canadians.

The "Mail and Empire," a Toronto newspaper with a circulation of over 100,000, has pointed out that there are a few Americans who are not observing the amenities of international relationship. The editor of this journal points out that it is rather poor taste for Americans to deck their cars with the Stars and Stripes as they tour through the provinces of Canada.

"People who seldom give a thought to their national duty or to what their flag stands for will make a great parade of it on their automobiles. American citizens visiting this country do not need their flag to show where they come from, for the markers on their automobile are an exact means of identifying the owner in every case. The most patriotic people show most respect to their flag and make least use of it in their private concerns. . . . The people who are best thought of do not use the flag as an automobile decoration any more than they would think of using it to push the sale of merchandise. Why not leave the flag out altogether?"

Even if the reasoning of the "Mail and Empire" were not as sound as it seems to be, it would behoove Americans to follow its advice. Probably the only comment which a Canadian car decked with the ensign of Canada would excite in an American street would be, "Why, there's a car from across the line;" but if the Canadians feel differently about American cars similarly adorned, their feelings should be respected. Certainly the incongruous display of a national ensign is no evidence of patriotism. The flag waver is not always synonymous with the flag saver.

The Threat of Soviet Russia

RUSSIA under Bolshevik rule has become the chief obstacle in the way of guaranteeing peace in Europe. Without Russia it is impossible for the Governments of western Europe to re-establish normal economic and political order on the Continent. But with the present rulers of Russia it is not possible to come to an agreement which both sides will accept and trust.

Antagonism between the Soviet system and the state systems in force in western Europe was the underlying reason for the rupture of diplomatic and commercial relations between Great Britain and the Soviet Government. That act was followed by the assassination of the Soviet Minister to Poland. The assassin was a Russian monarchist student refugee, but the Soviet leaders laid the blame upon the British break with Russia as an encouragement to anti-Communist organizations. They retaliated with executions of over twenty men charged with conspiracy against the Soviet and with wholesale arrests, throwing Russia into a state of panic. Now the official Moscow "Izvestia" has defended this policy by saying that "the signal had been given from London for terroristic acts." It continues:

> The workers and peasants have given a terrible lesson to the whole world by proving that the big stick is not always in the hands of one class and by showing that it can strike at princes, landlords, bankers, and brilliant Guards officers. . . . The broad masses are already beginning to wonder whether the world always will be organized so that workers and peasants will receive all the kicks. Couldn't it be reorganized so that things are done exactly as in the Soviet Union?

There is the essential and unchanged Bolshevik position, clearly stated. The idea of world revolution remains the foundation of the Soviet structure, as it was when Lenine seized power.

The result of the present emergency is

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that Germany is put in the curious position of being the mediator between Russia and the rest of Europe. Under her neutrality treaties with the Soviet Government, she is able to exercise an influence in Moscow which no other Western Power can now wield. Great Britain is reported to be urging Germany to secure, if possible, some modification of the Soviet tactics in international policy. It is rumored that Germany has been offered, in return, a seat on the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations, with a prospect of securing later a mandate for some of her former colonies, and that on these terms she is inclined to agree. At the same time, Great Britain has inquired what the attitude of the German Government would be toward the passage of British troops through German territory in the event of a Russian attack on Poland because of the assassination of the Soviet envoy in Warsaw.

The whole complicated situation goes to prove the validity of the stand of the United States regarding Soviet Russia. Our policy has been a refusal, on the one hand, to interfere in the internal affairs of Russia and, on the other hand, to have anything to do with her present dictators. Other Powers have tried the experiment of dealing diplomatically with the Soviet Commissars. They have come off badly, with little to justify the time, energy, and money they have spent. They are now inclined to swing around to what the American position has been all the time. It is likely to be the quickest way to bring Soviet Russia into line with other nations.

American thought has always kept clearly in view the distinction between the Soviet Government and the people of Russia. But they are a people long inured to despotism and slow to assert any will to modify or change the Government that now speaks for them. So long as this continues, the best way to treat Russia is to permit trade, but not to deal with her officially at all.

Shavian Flights of Fancy

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

SOME anxiety is being expressed by newspaper readers as to the kind of journalistic menu the managing editors will spread before them now that Lindbergh is retiring from the front page. It is true that Lindbergh has been a highly satisfactory *pièce de résistance* in the newspaper daily bill of fare, but, although it has served its purpose as a main dish, quite as juicy and far more savory than a murder or a divorce scandal, it has not been entirely consumed. We may still look forward to many pleasant meals of cold roast Lindbergh, or Lindbergh *réchauffé,* or even Lindbergh hash. To me this is comforting, for I am so little of an epicure that I often enjoy a fricassee or a ragout or a hash more than the original viand. The time will come, however, when the last morsel of this delectable dish will have disappeared. What then?

The answer is quite simple. No newspaper reader is compelled to read anything disasteful to him. The modern daily of the better class—in the large cities, at least—provides every morning an extraordinary bill of fare. The discriminating reader may choose according to his tastes, ignore the rest, and make both a nourishing and palatable meal.

Are we not a little pharisaical about the newspapers? Is not the fault rather with us than with them? We think we want simple food, but we have so accustomed ourselves to spices and condiments and sauces that when good, plain dishes are provided we find them unpalatable. We argue with ourselves a little after the manner of the Irishman who said: "I don't like spinach, and I'm glad I don't, for if I did I should eat a great deal of it, and I can't bear it!"

A pertinent illustration has come under my eye this very day of what the newspapers do actually provide in the way of reading matter that is both entertaining and informative. It is an address by George Bernard Shaw reprinted, evidently from a stenographic report, in the New York "Times."

"G. B.," as he is affectionately called in England, is a master of the paradox. He assumes the rôle of a cynic, concerned only to wittily scoff at the foibles and failings of mankind. In reality he is warm-hearted, sympathetic, and yearns, in the Biblical sense of that word, over the human race. The particular address of which I am speaking was made in behalf of a new system of lodging-houses for homeless women in London inaugurated by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton. Shaw begins by admitting some insight into feminine character:

> I am a dramatic author, and people wonder what is the secret of my extraordinary knowledge of women which enchants the whole world. Women come to me and ask: "Where did you get this amazing knowledge of women?" Very often I am suspected of having in the course of my life been a most abandoned character, and that is how I acquired this knowledge. But I never acquired it at all. I always assumed that a woman was a person exactly like myself, and that is how the trick is done.

He expresses his approval of the advancement of women since his youn manhood in the Victorian age:

> The [Victorian] woman was not dressed in the sense that we are familiar with. She was upholstered. She was dressed in wraps, and if she was not studded with buttons all over her, exactly like a super-sofa, she had a great many things very like that to produce the effect. You do not remember that. I do. The last woman who bravely kept up the upholstered appearance to the end was my late friend Miss Marie Corelli. She being gone, I look round the world and I do not see any woman now who is upholstered.

He professes to make a scientific appeal:

> There are quite a number of people in this audience who will at some future time find themselves without a night's lodging, and will have to have recourse to some of the various refuges that are open—or, let us hope, to one of Mrs. Chesterton's houses.
>
> I dare say you do not think that any of you will drift to that, but I tell you as a matter of statistical fact that quite a number of you will, and it is in view of that contingency that I invite you to be rather liberal in your response to-day.

He finally disclaims any sentiment of philanthropy and urges his audience to protect themselves against a future generation of Shaws:

> If I were to pretend to be deeply moved by the lot of these outcast women, I should be a mere hypocrite.
>
> I am seventy years of age, I am more than seventy years of age, and I am in the condition of Macbeth in the last act. You cannot produce any impression. Another million of starving children are nothing to me. I am getting to that curious stage of old age. I remember some years ago, when I was beginning to get on in years, I had a sort of sad feeling when my old friends and contemporaries began dropping round me. It seemed to me a sad thing; it was saddening. Nowadays I have got completely through that, and I exult every time another one goes down.
>
> I am a man of most extraordinary hardness of heart, and I suggest to you that that is an undesirable condi-

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tion for an old man to be in. I suggest to you that it is a frightful thought that if you are not careful, if you are not more thoughtful and humane than my generation was, there may be seventy years hence another old man of seventy with a heart as hard as mine.

It is an undesirable thing, and I will sit down and leave the appeal to younger people who still have some sensibilities left.

These are Shavian flights of fancy coming across the Atlantic, in what may be called the art of moral aeronautics, that will do very well to fill the space on the front page left vacant by Lindbergh.

France Renews Faith

By MELVIN K. WHITELEATHER

WHEN Captain Charles Lindbergh flew over Paris on Saturday, May 28, and then pointed his small Ryan monoplane, the Spirit of St. Louis, toward Brussels, the capital of the Belgians, where he was to be received by the King and Queen, he had unconsciously done more for the French people, particularly those who mass in Paris, in one week than any one has done for them since the news trickled through Paris and the provinces in November, 1918, that an Armistice had been signed ending the war which bled them almost to death.

THE morale of the French people gradually slid downward during 1916 and 1917, when the Allied armies bombarded without avail, all of which is now history, and the news of peace released the emotions of the nation. Peace! It was a magic word, a word which meant much to France. But the rejoicing dulled in a short time when the realities of re-establishing a war-torn nation were met face to face, and not since that dulling process began has France been on a jubilee—that kind of a jubilee which the French people love so well—until the daring exploit of the young Mid-Western American caused them to forget their troubles.

During the months which followed the Armistice an American army was acclaimed in the French capital with all the pomp the French people can muster. The stock of America was at its highest. But event followed event in the political and economic world, and almost before the French had finished shouting *"Vive l'Amérique!"* they discovered themselves in an economic crisis which ruined many fortunes and caused a depression in all walks of life. The franc went down so low that people starved with the high prices. On top of it all, foreign nations were demanding that France pay her debts. The United States was blamed on all sides for a great share of the trouble. With the suffering came bitterness, a bitterness which lasted unbrokenly, despite certain attempts to cover it up, until Captain Lindbergh set his plane down at Le Bourget air-field one Saturday evening just after dusk—and just after every one had called him a "fool." The French press caught the popular American phrase and in their stories of the flight referred to Captain Lindbergh as "Le Foule."

It seems incredible that a simple air flight should, or could, make a whole nation forget such vital problems as its very existence, problems which have been hounding its heels for ten years. Especially so, the air flight of a foreigner whose achievement probably means the scrapping of the present French idea of how to build airplane motors and the adoption of the American method. But that is exactly what happened in France, and it happened because in Captain Lindbergh's flight were all the elements which excite a mind affected by fiction and capable of bubbling over with enthusiasm and pride. Here was a youth who set out to accomplish what two daring Frenchmen had found impossible for them; he took off without a navigator, choosing to forge a lone air-path; he used no complicated navigating instruments and he piloted by means of a periscope, heretofore known to the lay mind only as usable on submarines; he had no press agent; just a bag full of uncommon nerve; he had an almost appalling fund of modesty.

SO the spirit of daring caught like fire. The chance the French people had been looking for for ten years had arrived, and not an hour after the arrival of the Spirit of St. Louis had passed until all Paris was *en fête*. It stayed *en fête* for a whole week. The very name of the plane, with its French ancestry, seemed to carry a special meaning. Up and down the boulevards there was shouting and the American flag and the tricolor of France were flung to the breeze in all parts of the city. Whole families which have been in mourning since the war cast off the black shroud and dashed out into the wine shops for champagne. "To Lindbergh and America we must drink." And they toasted the young American hero of the air as they have never toasted a man of state. The toasting was general. In wealthy homes and poor ones it was the same. In homes where this economic depression had caused bitterness all was forgotten. Debates on whether life, after all, is worth living were abandoned and thoughts were given to the "Lone Pilot." Taxi drivers wore a different mask than they usually wear, and everywhere on the streets was the spirit of banter and good feeling. It increased as days passed. The Paris newspapers had room for little more than Lindbergh. The Geneva Economic Conference might as well have adjourned. On his second day in Paris, after he had slept ten hours and had his first meal, Captain Lindbergh slipped off to the humble home of the mother of Captain Nungesser, a woman bowed in grief for her lost son. This was another act which caught on with the French people, and by the time this American had turned over 150,000 francs which had been given to him for the purchase of an ornamental cup to the widows and orphans of French aviators he was raised alongside Napoleon the First. Gifts poured in on him—gifts from diamond-studded belt buckles to apple pies.

THERE is no nation which loves to fly its flags more dearly than the French, and they love to fly them high up in the air. They are historically an emotional people. But they have had no occasion to display their emotion. The fistic idol Georges Carpentier gave them a small chance, as did Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen. But there was no romance connected with either of them—nothing to intrigue the French mind, which loves well-plotted fiction. Consequently, when this young man who stepped out of fiction flew his plane away toward more kingly honors there was an almost audible sigh as the people watched him soaring over the boulevards in his little plane. A week of intense sentiment is tiring, but it gave a blow to the prevalent moral bankruptcy and gave the people of France a glimpse of what life, after all, may hold. The people of France have a new vision! It is possible to accomplish seemingly impossible things. And they owe it to Captain Lindbergh, a typical example of American youth. He made them forget.

Paris, France.

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Christ Speaks

By WADE OLIVER

THINK not on me, as countless men have thought
To their mind's torture and their spirit's loss,
As a pathetic figure, frail, distraught,
Nailed to the sky upon a naked cross.

That transient travail is too sharply limned
Upon the canvas of man's consciousness;
Think rather on my laughing eyes, undimmed,
My hands, unpierced, devising tenderness!

Henry Ford Conquers Russia

By MAURICE HINDUS

"The most popular word among our forward-looking peasantry is Fordson. The peasant speaks of the *Fordzonishko* (dear little Fordson) gently, lovingly, and I recently read in a newspaper a communication from a village correspondent who has chosen for his pseudonym the name of Fordson. I am sure he did this not as a matter of accident, but in heedful response to the prevailing feeling in the village."—*Leon Trotsky in a recent speech.*

I WANDERED one Sunday into a village in the Volga region and ran into the most extraordinary procession I had ever witnessed. It was a wedding procession, but—and what a strange dramatic *but* it was!—the bride and groom, dressed in gay costumes, were sitting in a small cart, and the cart was drawn, not by horses, but by a Ford tractor! Both cart and tractor were smothered with red flags, red bunting, pictures of Lenine, Karl Marx, Kalinin, the peasant President of the Soviet Republics, and with all manner of revolutionary posters. Leaders of the local and of surrounding Soviets, including an elderly *muzhik* with a flowing red beard and in *lapti* (bark sandals), rode on improvised seats on the tractor, and on all sides followed peasants—men, women, and especially youths—dressed as for a festival, and singing lustily to the accompaniment of three accordions and as many tambourines.

I followed along. The procession halted at the public square. The engine was silenced, and one of the youths with a huge red badge pinned to the bosom of his blouse leaped into the bridal cart and delivered a stirring address on the significance of the event, when in such a far-away village as theirs, where so many people still lived with their pigs and chickens, an ordinary bridal couple could be carted around by a Fordson brought all the way from America! No landlords in the old days ever had enjoyed such a treat! Other speakers followed, each pointing to the Fordson as proof of the progress that Soviet Russia was making and as the symbol of a new day and a new life in the village.

Then the procession moved to the home of the bride. There food in great abundance and huge flasks of home-made *vodka*, which is prohibited by law, but which nearly every peasant persists in making, were waiting for the crowd. I joined in the celebration, and when my American origin became known I was surrounded by the most inquisitive mob I had ever seen. Peasant after peasant insisted on drinking to my health, to the health of America, and of the man Khord (which is the way peasants pronounce Ford's name), who has given Russia the Fordson.

I was bombarded with questions. Who was this man Ford, anyway? Where and how did he live? Was any one in America as clever as he? Would I tell him that the Russian *muzhiks* wanted him to come to Russia and build a tractor factory somewhere in the Volga district or the Ukraine? Was it true that he was richer than any Russian Czar ever had been? Ah, if they could only just take one good look at him! The all-absorbing earnestness of these simple-minded folk was as moving as it was at times amusing.

IT is really extraordinary how popular Ford has become in Russia. Incredible as it may seem, more people in Russia have heard of him than of Stalin, the Commander-in-Chief of the one-million-odd Communists who are governing the destiny of the vast Slavic empire. I visited villages far from railroads, where I talked to illiterate peasants who did not know who Stalin was or Rykov or Bukharin, but who had heard of the man who makes the "iron horses." Next to Lenine, Trotsky, and Kalinin, Ford is possibly the most widely known personage in Russia.

Whence has come this amazing popularity, in Bolshevik Russia of all places, of the richest capitalist in the world? Ford has not sought it. For all I know, he may not even be aware of its extent or intensity. Only in part can it be attributed to the widespread and diversified use of the Fordson tractor. Nor is it a mere accident or movement artificially stimulated by some invisible power. Ford just happens to be symbol of something which the Russian craves with all the flaming fervor that is in his soul.

I had better be concrete. The Russian has always been a dreamer more than a doer, an idler more than a builder. The heroes, or rather, the victims, in Russian novels have ever been talkers, doubters, dodgers. Conditions of life in the old days fostered morbidity, self-pity, inactivity, with the result that the Russian grew to be frightfully incompetent. To this day he is loose in his methods of work, lackadaisical in his habits, exasperatingly undisciplined. He has a real genius for taking three, five, and even ten steps where only one would suffice.

Consider, for example, so simple a matter as mailing a registered letter in a Russian post office. The clerk in making out the receipt writes and blots, and then picks up a pair of scissors and slowly, cautiously, as though he were performing an operation on a human organism, cuts the receipt out of a book. Twice when I was mailing registered letters something happened to the scissors. The clerk could not find them. Mum-

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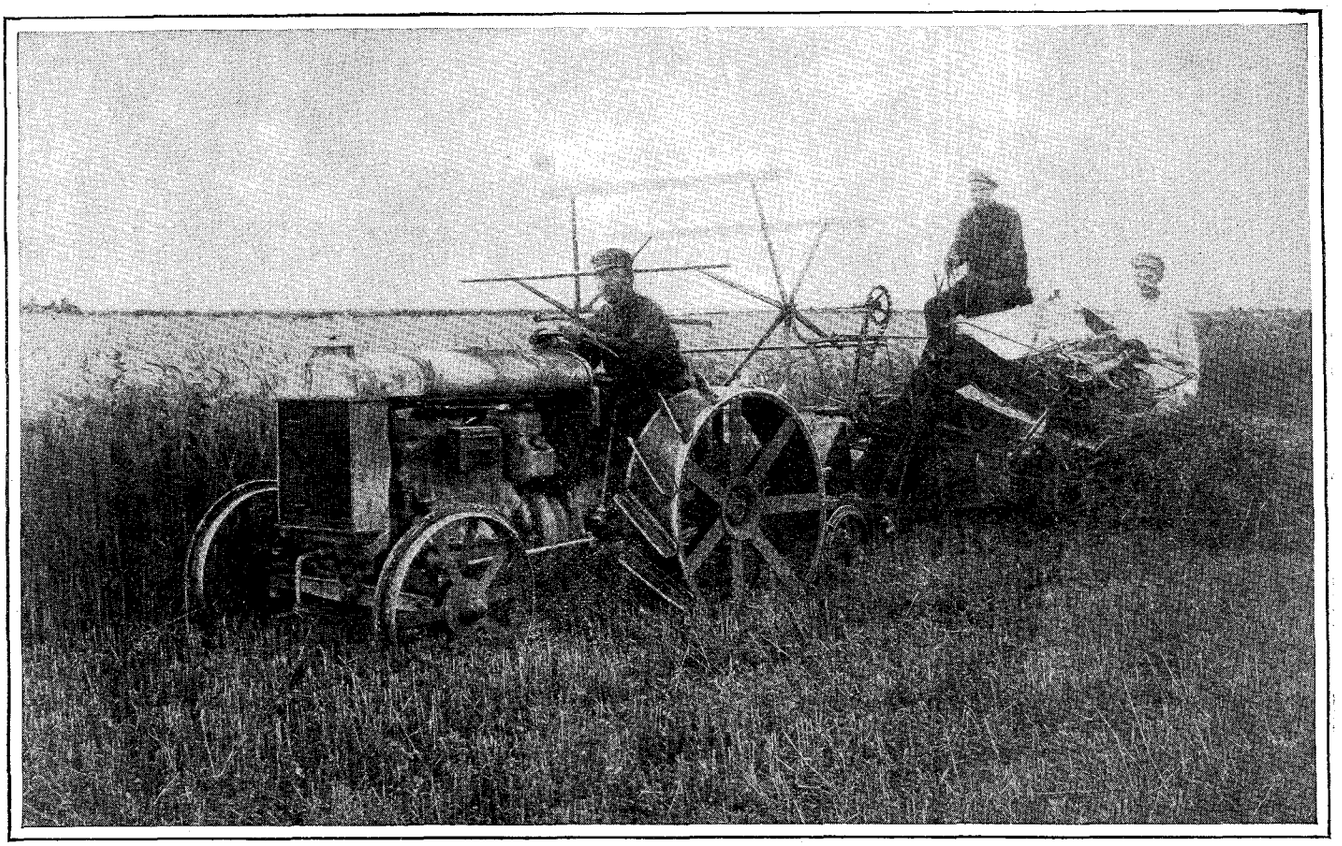

Courtesy Ford Motor Co.

Russian peasants harvesting wheat with a Fordson tractor

bling profuse apologies, he searched and searched, meanwhile holding up the service, with the line of customers growing longer and longer. One is somewhat better off in buying a ticket in a theater, though the cashier, like the post office clerk, has to cut the ticket out of a book, and he is not always dexterous in the use of a pair of scissors. But Heaven help the man who has to buy a railroad ticket in a large city! I tried it once, and never again. I decided it was much more conducive to serenity of mind to have the porter do it for me, even though his charge for the service was never less than three rubles (one and a half dollars).

Yet even buying a railroad ticket is not as annoying as buying a pound of apples in a Moscow fruit shop. I went one morning into one of the choicest Government shops to purchase some fruit. First I had to stand in a line and wait my turn to get to some one who could tell me the price of the things I wanted. Then I had to stand in another line and wait my turn to pay the cashier and obtain from him a check for the amount I wished to spend. Then came a long wait in still another line before I got to the man who filled the orders and delivered the parcels. It happened that the price man had made an error of twenty copecks (ten cents), and I could not get my fruit until I had obtained from the cashier an additional check for that amount. So I went back to the cashier's booth and waited in line until I could make this additional payment, and then again into the line in front of the delivery clerk, and wasted some more precious time before I could hand in the check and obtain my parcel.

I could fill the whole of this copy of The Outlook with similar incidents of galling incompetence from my own experience and from that of friends. It was heartbreaking to watch the crowds of men and women standing for hours and hours in the queues in Moscow and in Leningrad, in Kiev and in Kharkov, in Minsk and in Gomel, and in other large cities, waiting for a chance to buy a piece of calico, a pound of butter, a sack of potatoes, or some other commodity of every-day use, and all because of the inability of the Russian economic experts to devise a method of service which would dispense with the gigantic red tape that now envelops it.

Not only in trade, but in other fields of economic activity, and especially in the processes of production, one constantly bumps into examples of devastating incompetence. In the company of a well-known American engineer I went for a stroll one evening along the Tverskaya, Moscow's leading business street. As we passed the new telephone building that is in process of construction the engineer stopped and called my attention to the towering and complicated scaffolding that had been erected. It was a complete structure in itself—a gigantic thing. The engineer said he had never seen anything like it. It was, he repeated to himself again and again, such a frightful waste of both labor and material. Yet all over Russia in all construction work they build just such elaborate scaffoldings.

The Russians are not bad mathematicians. The columns of lengthy statistics that appear daily in the press testify to a love for juggling with figures. Yet somehow they find it difficult to master the idiom that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line, and not a circle.

The hopeful thing is that they poignantly realize their shortcomings. They know that they must cure themselves of them or else stagnate and never convert Russia into a modern industrialized nation, economically self-sufficient. They are, indeed, consumed with a passion to learn new and better, nay, the best, methods of work.

That is why they worship Ford. I do not know who discovered him for Russia. I think it was Trotsky. He, at any rate, has been most prolific and

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Courtesy Ford Motor Co.

A parade of Fordson tractors in the street of a Russian village

most eloquent in his praise of the Detroit automobile manufacturer. But, whoever it was who discovered him, now Ford is the rage. To the Russians he is, in his own field, the greatest revolutionary of the age—the man who dared defy and scrap established methods and standards and strike out for something bold and new in the field of industrial development. They look on him as a guide and teacher who can show them how to obtain the best results in the quickest time with the least outlay of capital and labor. He is, in brief, the symbol of competence, efficiency, achievement, the "great god Brown" in the world of practical affairs.

The books which he wrote in collaboration with Samuel Crowther are best-sellers all over the country. Edition after edition has been quickly disposed of. They are text-books in high schools and colleges. They have been the inspiration of numerous experiments, of new systems of management and new processes of work. Consider the following item which appeared recently in the "Izvestia," one of the two leading dailies in Russia:

"At to-day's session of the congress called to effect the rationalization of the metal industry the representatives of the Leningrad metal and electrical shops have read reports of the results they have achieved through the introduction of *fordism* in their plants. In the shop International the manufacturing processes of electromoters have been *fordized* so successfully that the output is now 15,000 a year. This is quite remarkable in view of the fact that in the shop in the city of Kharkov, the largest in Soviet Russia, only 5,000 motors are turned out annually. Besides, in the other plants the processes of manufacture last from eight to nine months, whereas in the International they are completed in only a few days. . . . In the factory the Red Sunrise the adoption of *fordism* has raised the output to 600 bells a day. Substantial results have also been achieved in the metallurgical factories in Leningrad." And now the slogan that reverberates from one end of the country to the other is "Do it the Ford way because it is the best way." Foremen, clerks, managers, chairmen of trusts and syndicates, are studying Ford with as much zeal as Communists study Lenine, for to them in matters of economic enterprise Ford is the beginning and the end of all things, the court of last resort.

Most interesting, in my judgment, is the popularity of Ford in the villages among the peasants. After all, the peasant is Russia, for there are so many of him—one hundred and sixteen million. The peasant has come to know Ford principally through the Fordson tractor. At first the peasant was skeptical of the "iron horses," brought all the way from America. He suspected there was a catch in them somewhere. In some villages there were *muzhiks* who dismissed the whole question of tractors by insisting that they were the work of the devil. I heard of peasants in the Volga region who when they first saw a tractor crossed themselves devoutly and spat out three times as they would on the appearance of the devil or at the manifestation of what they regarded as his presence.

But agricultural experts and officials were undismayed. They were determined to win the peasant to the use of the "iron horse." Indeed, when *muzhiks* saw Fordson tractors in operation, plowing up furrow after furrow of soil swiftly and neatly, far more so than any team of horses could, they grew interested, came close, and began to ask questions. Now the Russian peasant is not only won to the idea of tractorization, but is clamoring for the chance to put it into practice. He demands tractors. One of his loudest complaints is that he cannot get them, because the Soviet Government is not in a financial position to import enough of them to supply the demand.

There is a moral side to the use of Fordson tractors in Russia that is of tremendous historic and human significance.

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I was once wandering about the fair grounds of a large Russian village when my attention was suddenly arrested by a far-away roar and sputter. On turning round, I saw a procession of Fordson tractors heading toward the market-place. Soon they clattered into the center of the grounds and halted. The several thousand peasants that had come to do their semi-annual trading forgot their immediate affairs and crowded about these "iron horses," looking and feeling of them as of cows or horses offered for sale and asking innumerable questions about them.

Then followed speeches by leaders of the Soviets and agricultural experts—flaming speeches, in the manner of enthusiastic Russians, extolling the American tractor and pointing to it, as did the orators at the wedding described earlier, as a symbol of a new day and a new life.

Later I had lunch with these orators, and in between sips of hot tea and huge bites of black bread and home-made sausage they informed me that they frequently embarked on these "excursions of enlightenment," as they expressed themselves. It meant, they declared, a great deal to Russia to have these tractors as living proof of what science could achieve, of helping the dark-minded peasant rise to a new understanding of himself and the new world about him. It stimulated in him a desire to break with the ugly past and its devastating habits and usages. The Fordson tractor, they assured me, was even helping to kill superstition in the village. The peasants could see that it required no sorcery to work these "iron horses." Any of them with but a little training could learn to operate them. The only regret of these leaders was that Russia was so poor that it could not buy all the Fordsons it needed, and it needed so many of them—thousands upon thousands.

INDIRECTLY, then, Ford is helping to revolutionize not only the economic but the moral life of Russia, especially of the village.

He is an outstanding idol and hero even among Bolsheviks. True, he is a capitalist. He does not even believe in trade unions. He has no notion of turning his plant over to his workers or help them form a soviet government in America or anywhere else. But he is a man of science. He is the great industrial revolutionary of the age. He can teach them the thing they need to know most—how to work and achieve with the least outlay of effort and capital. He, through his scientific achievements and his methods of approach, can regenerate the backward and slovenly peasant and the proletarian.

There are Fordson days and Fordson festivals in Russian villages. I have read of agricultural communes that have adopted the name of Fordson. And think of a village correspondent writing under the name Fordson!

At the time that Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were in Moscow I was standing one day with a Russian reporter on a balcony overlooking the Savoy Hotel and watching the mounted police clear the road for the automobile that had come to take the American visitors around the city.

"What do you suppose would happen," I asked the reporter, "if Henry Ford ever came to Russia?"

"Why," came the quick retort, "they would have to mobilize the entire Red army to keep the crowds in order."

Cruiser Ratios

By CAPTAIN L. M. OVERSTREET, U. S. N.

UPON what basis should cruiser ratios be calculated? Each Great Power is endeavoring to discover a basis which will appear fair, but at the same time guard its own best interests. Let us analyze a few methods.

Based on Trade

THE value of the international trade for 1926, in billions of dollars, amounted to: United States, 9.2; United Kingdom, 9.8; Germany, 4.8; France, 3.8; Italy[1]; and Japan, 2.1. (Weekly United States Commerce Reports, April 18, 1927.)

These figures do not include the Philippine trade of a quarter of a billion dollars, which the United States cruisers must protect. They do not include the trade of the British Dominions. Australia's trade amounted to 1.5 and Canada's to over 2 billion dollars. However, the British Dominions have small navies of their own. Australia has four cruisers, one flotilla leader, eleven destroyers, four gunboats, and is having built two 10,000-ton cruisers and two submarines. The building program also includes one airplane carrier. These Dominion vessels are not included in the list of the British men-of-war.

After the World War the British Government sent Admiral Jellicoe on an extensive tour of the Dominions to advise them on their future naval policy. He has drawn up a complete plan covering, not only the construction of a navy by each of the five Dominions, but for annual contributions to the British navy from the crown colonies. Some years ago the Malay States contributed funds to build one of England's present battleships. Newfoundland and Hongkong have also contributed. (See "Brassey's Annual" for 1926—a most interesting chapter, "Naval Policy of the Empire," by Jellicoe.)

In pre-World War years (1913) the United Kingdom trade exceeded that of the United States by 50 per cent. In 1913 the United States trade was valued at 4.2 billions, but by 1926 it had increased to 9.2 billions. To-day the United States is taking the first place, with the United Kingdom second and Germany third. This order should be used in making plans for the future.

Germany must soon be given her place in cruiser ratios as well as in other world affairs. Germany is making rapid progress building a new merchant marine. As to a new navy, Germany has recently completed one new 6,000-ton cruiser, has launched a second one, and is at work on a third and a fourth. One new torpedo-boat has been completed, five more launched, and plans for six more made.

We should consider that a third of the United Kingdom's trade is with Continental Europe. This short cross-channel trade has little need of cruisers, as bombing planes, mines, destroyers, and submarines can protect it.

Based on trade, a fair cruiser ratio would be: United States, 10; United Kingdom, 8; Germany, 5; France, 4; Italy, 4; Japan, 2; Canada, 1; and Australia, 1.

Based on Fueling Stations

THE size of cruisers depends upon the distance to be covered without refueling—in reality, the distance between bases.

There are no United States bases for

[1] Figures not available.

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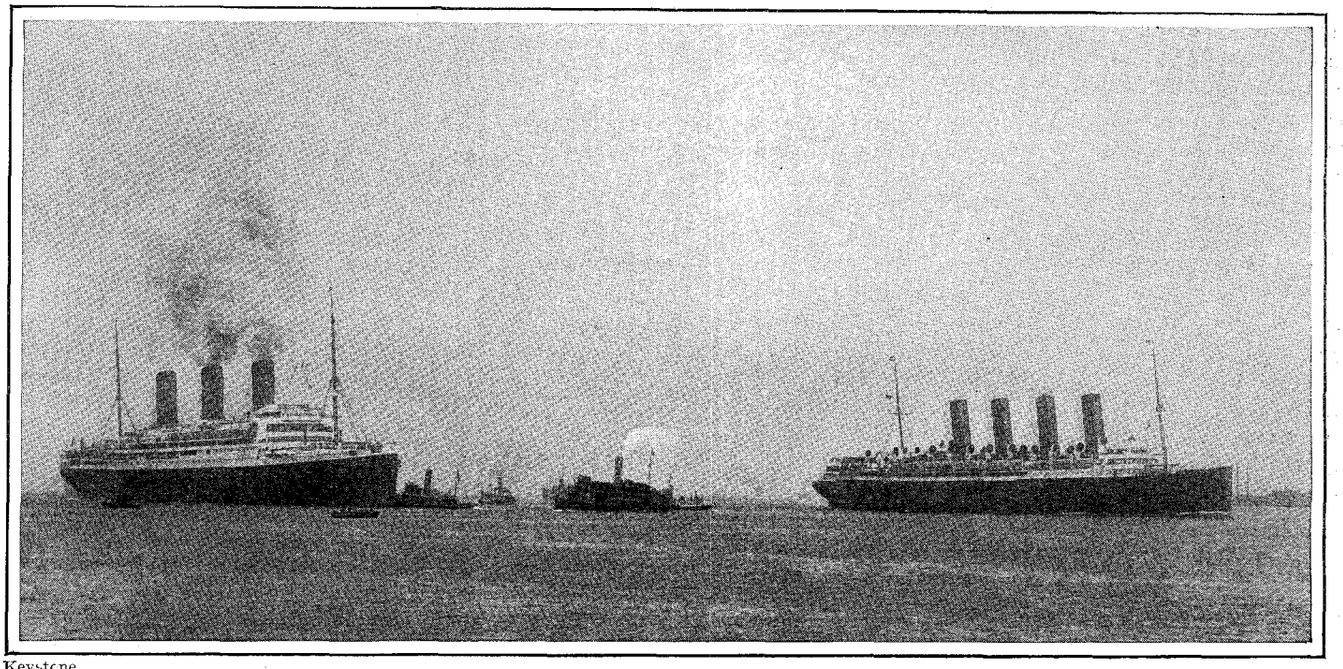

Keystone

The Majestic and the Mauretania, luxurious liners in times of peace, potential cruisers in times of war

refueling along our Atlantic trade routes or at the European terminals. Great Britain has important bases on her Atlantic trade routes at Halifax, Bermuda, Jamaica, and Trinidad.

Across the broad Pacific the United States has only Honolulu. Merchant ships and cruisers sailing from England for the Far East can refuel at Gibraltar, Malta, Port Saïd, Suez, Aden, Colombo, Rangoon, Singapore, and Hongkong. Some years ago the British started a nine-million-dollar project to provide fuel-oil storage at these nine ports. Four million was allotted to Singapore alone. The Malay States donated the site at Singapore.

The British have shown commendable foresight in the establishment of bases throughout the world for refueling, provisioning, and repairing their vessels. The British can protect their trade routes with small cruisers. The United States requires large cruisers and large submarines to protect our long trade routes, which are barren of bases for repairing vessels and for replenishing their supplies.

Just as the British really need a large base at Singapore, so we need one at Manila to care for our shipping interests in the Far East.

Clearly, the United States is logically entitled to the most cruisers on the basis of refueling stations.

Based on National Wealth

THE Navy is our insurance to protect, not only our overseas trade and our colonies, but our shores from invasion. Just as business establishments take out insurance based on the value of their plants, so we might base the number of cruisers on national wealth.

The national wealth, in billions of dollars, amounts to: United States, 320; United Kingdom, 120; France, 60; Germany, 40; Italy, 35; Canada, 22; Japan, 22; and Australia, 6. (World Almanac, 1927.)

Now that other Powers seem to be envious of our wealth and hostile to us, it seems logical to increase the amount of naval insurance on our National wealth.

Using national wealth as a basis, the United States would be allowed as many cruisers as the other Great Powers combined.

Based on Protection of Colonies

IT takes little argument to demonstrate that the United States would require a large number of long-radius cruisers (operating from our home ports, Panama Canal, and Honolulu) to protect Alaska, the Philippines, Guam, Samoa, Porto Rico, and the Virgin Islands. This number would vary with the amount of help the inhabitants could offer. Some years ago the Navy named a new destroyer after Rizal, the Filipino patriot. An unsuccessful effort was made to assemble a sufficient number of skilled Filipino mechanics to handle the engines, boilers, auxiliary and electrical machinery, guns and torpedoes, to take complete charge of the ship.

In the British Dominions of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa there are thousands of men well qualified to form an army and to man a fleet. In fact, they have small navies. India has fine soldiers and supplies thousands of lascars to man Britain's great merchant fleet.

The great French colonies are near at hand in Africa, and have thousands of well-trained native soldiers.

On this basis the United States, in all fairness, is entitled to the most cruisers.

Based on Merchant Marine

THERE has been so much propaganda in the press to show that cruiser ratios should be based on the number of merchant ships that many believe it. There is little logic in saying that the nation having the most merchant ships should have the most cruisers. This presupposes that when merchant ships go to sea they are accompanied by cruisers. As a matter of fact, upon the declaration of war merchant vessels are held in port until the seas are safe. Cruisers are sent out to sweep the sea, to destroy the enemy's cruisers and armed merchant vessels. In other words, the nation with the greatest cruiser fleet endeavors to secure "control of the sea." Then it is safe to send out the merchant vessels.

Upon the outbreak of the World War an armed German merchant vessel, Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, captured four British merchant vessels off the Canaries in two days. The armed merchant ships Kronprinz Wilhelm, Prinz Eitel Friedrich, Cap Trafalgar, and others caused much damage to Allied shipping.

The German cruiser Emden captured 23 British merchant vessels, the cruiser Karlsruhe 17, the armed merchantman Moewe 35, and the armed merchantman Wolf 20. Thus two armed merchantmen did more damage than the two most famous German cruisers. The British

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sent 22 armed merchant vessels together with 7 battleships, 3 battle-cruisers, and 43 light cruisers to capture the active German raiders. There were 18 French and Japanese cruisers assisting the British.

The British Northern Patrol (known as the 10th Cruiser Squadron) consisted of 24 armed merchant vessels.

During the World War a most thrilling battle was fought off the coast of Brazil between two armed merchantmen, the British Carmania and the German Cap Trafalgar. After a desperate battle, with shell holes along the water-line, the ship on fire, and the captain dead, the Cap Trafalgar sank. With five shell holes at the water-line, forward bridge destroyed, ship on fire, nine men killed, and twenty-six wounded, the Carmania headed slowly for Abrolhos Rocks, calling for assistance. In the absence of regular men-of-war, these two merchantmen, armed with low-power four-inch guns, fought for the control of the sea in the South Atlantic.

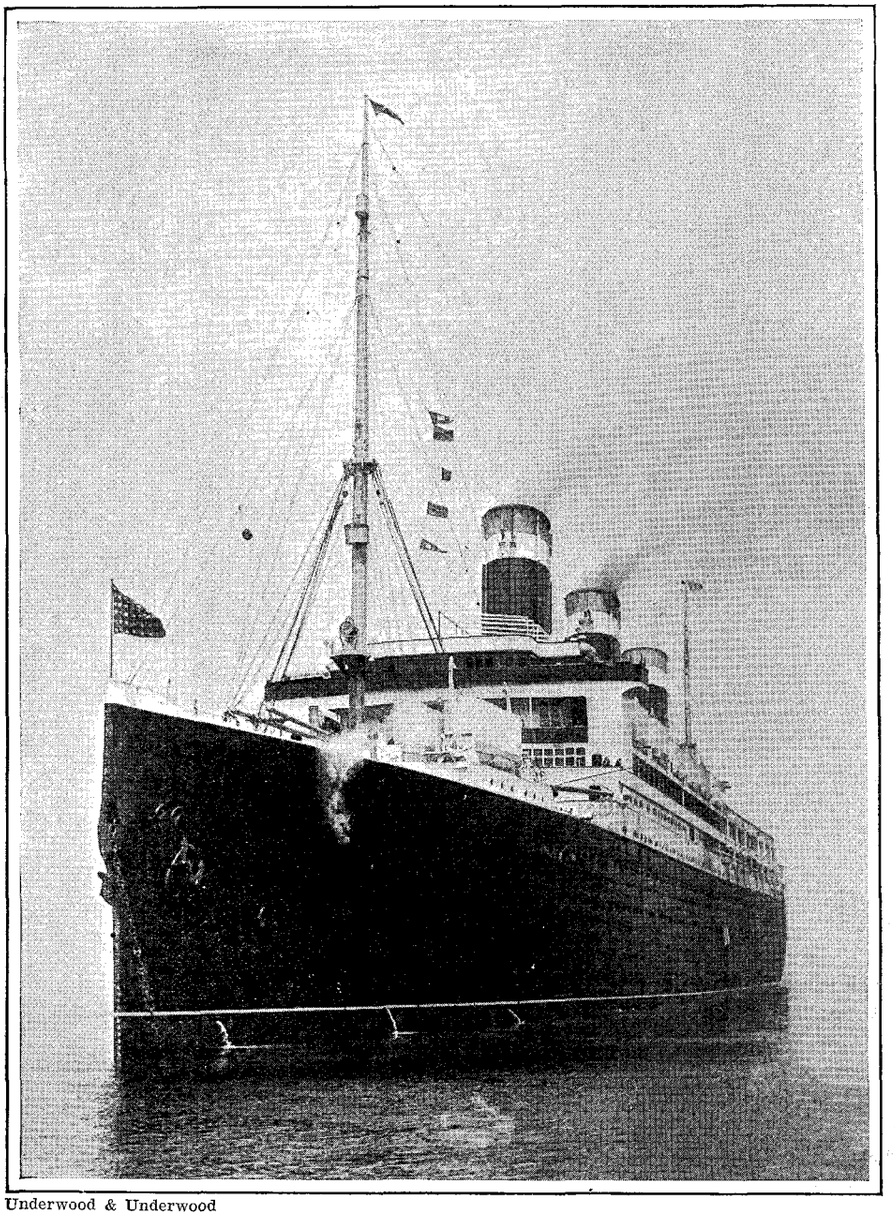
The public should study the Washington Arms Limitation Treaty. Many of the foreign delegates who signed this Treaty saw clearly that as men-of-war were limited in number and size the importance of the merchant marine for war purposes increased. Clauses were inserted in this Treaty (Article XIV) which authorized strengthening the decks of merchant vessels in time of peace to prepare them for a quick installation of powerful six-inch guns upon a declaration of war.

Another clause (Article XI) authorized eight-inch guns on merchant vessels, though in the World War 4.7-inch guns were generally used.

The five Great Powers debated for days in an endeavor to limit their men-of-war to four million tons. These five Great Powers have over forty million tons of seagoing steam and motor merchant vessels.

If the five Great Powers were to "scrap" all their four million tons of men-of-war to-day, the idealists would doubtless give three cheers, declare the millennium had come and all wars ended. To-morrow they would "wake up" to find forty million tons of armed merchantmen. These are distributed approximately as follows: United States, 10; Great Britain, 20; Japan, 4; France, 3; and Italy, 3. This, then, would be the ratio of naval power.

The dreadnaughts of to-morrow would be the great ocean liners, on which would be mounted twice as many six-inch guns as any cruiser of to-day has room for. An ocean liner with eight-inch guns could defeat the most modern



Underwood & Underwood

S. S. Leviathan, the largest liner flying the American flag. She and the Majestic both claim first place as the largest passenger steamers in the world

light cruiser with six-inch guns. How about the ratio? It would be our lone Leviathan to the three great Cunard liners of Mauretania class and three White Star liners of Majestic class, or 1:6. Our Leviathan is wearing out, with no plan of replacement. Whenever a Titanic or a Lusitania is sunk replacement is made at once. When Leviathan wears out—ratio 0:6.

There are in the world 33 huge ocean liners which exceed 20,000 gross tons each. The British have 21; the Germans, 4; the United States, 3 (Leviathan, America, and George Washington); the French, 2; the Italians, 2; and the Dutch, 1. ("Brassey's Annual" for 1926.) These would be the dreadnaughts. In reality, the Mauretania (26 knots) and the Majestic (25 knots), with their high speed, would be the super-dreadnaughts. Nothing in the world could cope with them.

It would be logical to invert the ratio for cruisers when based on merchant vessels. Allow the most cruisers to the Power having the least number of merchant vessels, keeping in mind the other factors—trade, wealth, fueling bases, and colonies.

Conclusions

It is not a simple task to deduce a cruiser ratio. Until one can be agreed upon, would it not be wise for the United States to adhere to the 5–5–3 ratio already accepted by five of the Great Powers?

When the late Bourke Cochrane was debating the Army Bill in Congress, he said, "A second-best army is as much good in a fight as a second-best hand in a poker game." Do the American people want a second-best cruiser force?

U. S. S. Wyoming,
Navy Yard, Philadelphia.

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Why Not Fly?

A Question That Lindbergh Has Put in the Minds of Many Heretofore Timid Americans

By HAROLD A. HOLBROOK

SEVERAL weeks have now passed since Captain Charles A. Lindbergh flew his Ryan monoplane from New York to Paris, but as his flight passes into history and public interest turns to new heroes and new adventures, one fact remains: Lindbergh has killed the bogy of American aviation—fear. He has accomplished in thirty-six hours what ten years of speech-making and $10,000,000 of investment have failed to accomplish.

Lindbergh has sold aviation to the American public.

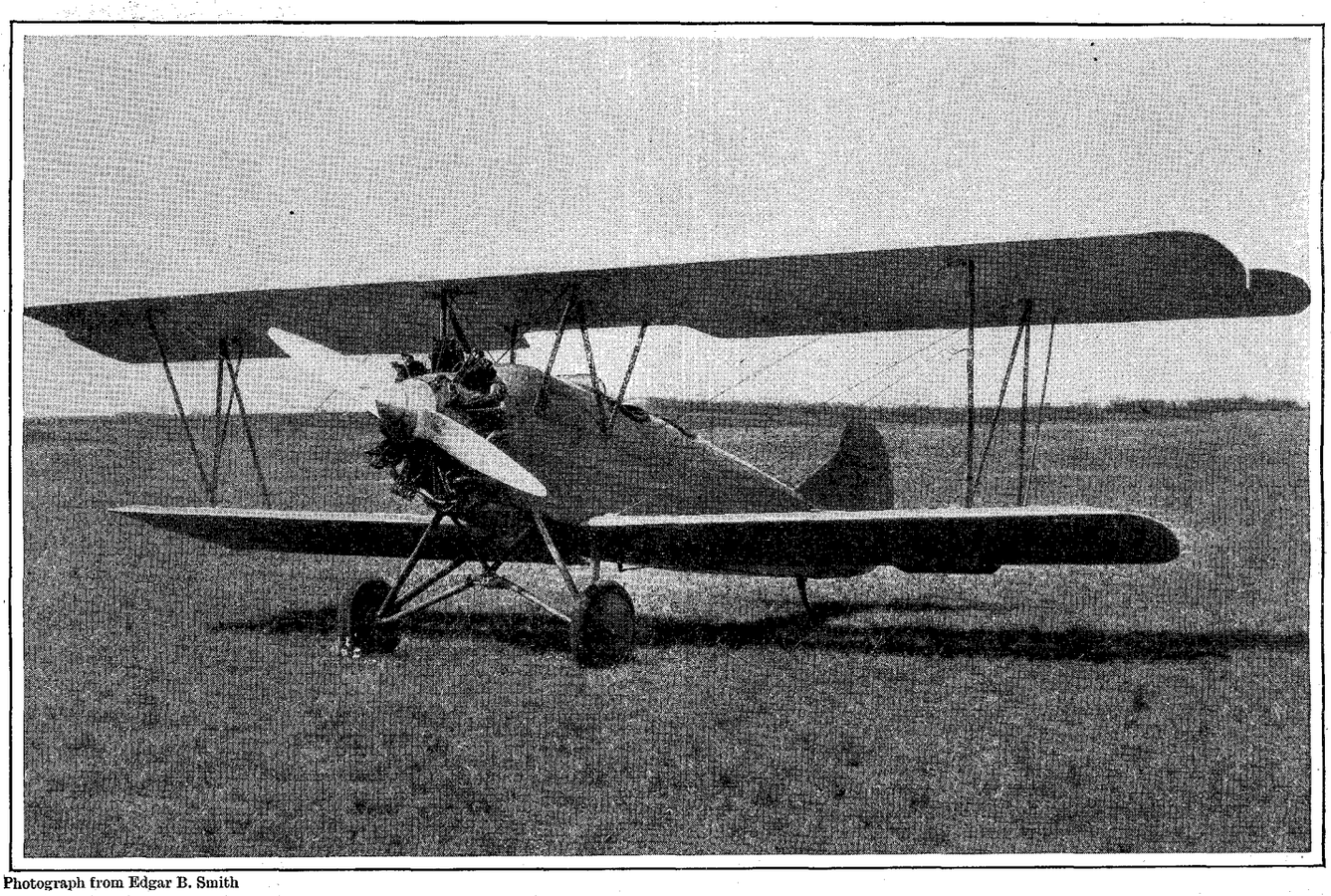
Aviators and airplane manufacturers confidently expected at the close of the World War that commercial aviation would win immediate popularity because of the development of aircraft during the war and because of the spectacular part they played in it. Such a development has taken place in Europe, slowly to be sure, but nevertheless on a great scale.

IN the United States and throughout the Western Hemisphere there has been no such development. For some reason, never clearly explained, newspaper editors in America have thought that their readers were far more interested in the disasters of the air than in the accomplishments of commercial and civilian flying. The story of every accident has won a prominent place in the daily press, but statements that commercial and training planes from Curtiss Field, Long Island, flew more than 1,000,000 miles in 1926 without accident, or that Wright Whirlwind motors have flown 2,500,000 miles without trouble in the air, are lucky to be mentioned in a paragraph.

Such treatment of aviation stories created a profound prejudice against flying, and non-fliers were convinced that aviators were not only heroes but daredevils who took their lives in their hands every time they left the ground.

No assertions of the safety of aircraft, no demonstrations of their reliability, were able to break down this prejudice. Then Lindbergh came to New York, looked over his plane much as one would prepare his automobile for a long trip, took his seat in the tiny cockpit, and flew without mishap from New York to Paris. The world was amazed, then tremendously impressed by the reliability of the plane, engine, and instruments that made this flight possible.

The man on the street said to himself and to his friends: "If 3,600 miles across the Atlantic can be flown safely by a lone pilot, and again by a pilot and a passenger, surely it must be safe enough to travel across country in hops of three or four hundred miles." The attitude is no longer, "Why take a chance and fly?" but "Why not fly?" This is the real significance of the first flight from New York to Paris, and it will remain long after the memory of the flight is dim and



Photograph from Edgar B. Smith

This is the plane in which the author got his introduction to aviation. It is powered with the same engine which carried Lindbergh and Chamberlin across the Atlantic

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Lindbergh's name is forgotten, as are the names of other intrepid fliers who achieved great things in the past.

THE changed attitude toward aviation was heralded first by the enthusiastic aviators who have so often predicted in the past that the dawn of commercial aviation was upon us. Said one, Major-General Lester D. Gardner, "Fifty per cent of the crape-hangers have been won over, and the other fifty per cent driven into retirement." Said Daniel Guggenheim, donor of $3,000,000 to New York University for the advancement of the study of aviation, "The plucky captain's flight should remove beyond peradventure of a doubt any pessimistic tendency toward aviation."

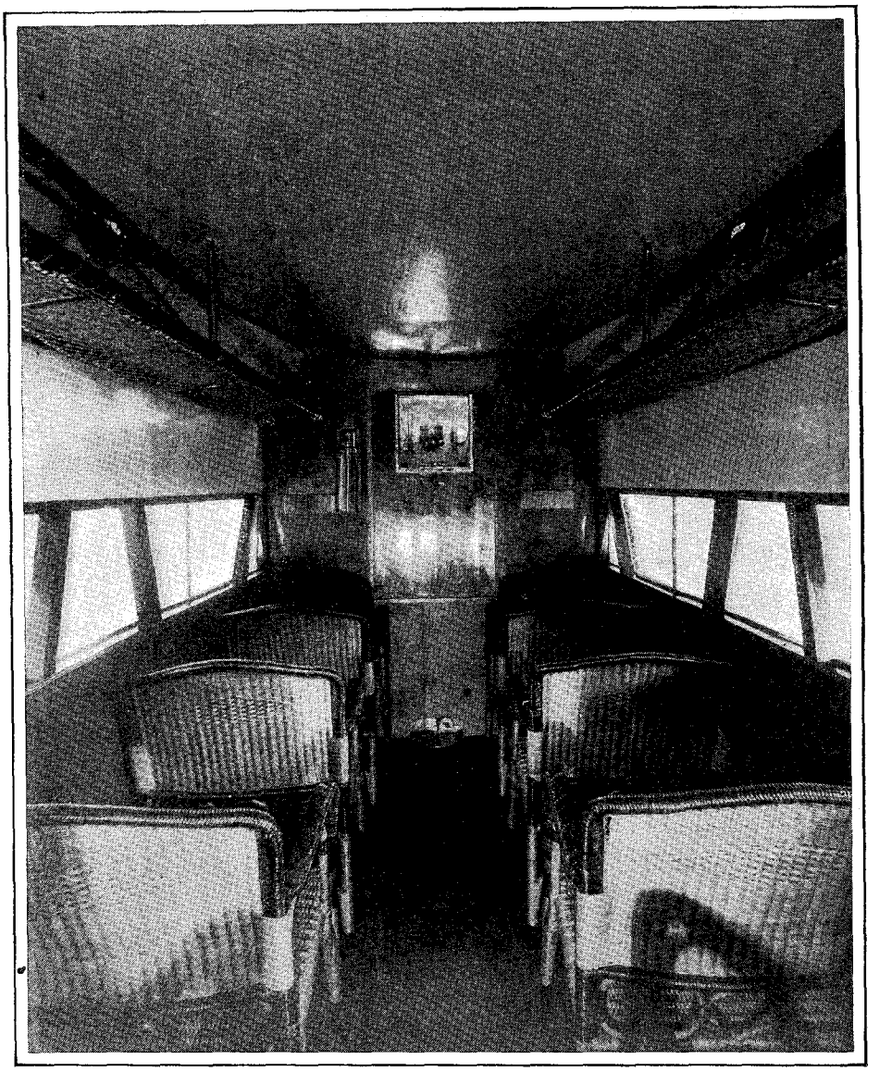
These words have been said on the occasion of other momentous flights, but this time they are supported by facts, an abundance of definite indications of the public's interest in flying. Colonial Air Transport, Inc., has opened a passenger line between New York and Boston, the first regular passenger line in the East. The company has formed a subsidiary, Colonial Western Airways, Inc., capitalized at $1,000,000, which will run planes from Boston to Albany and Buffalo, connecting with Ford planes to Chicago, and from New York to Albany and Montreal.

The National Air Transport has announced that passenger service would be operated in conjunction with its air mail service from New York to Chicago, and later from there to Dallas. Other air lines are proposed, by people with the capital necessary to operate them.

Flying-fields have experienced a great increase in the number of passengers taking short trips. At Curtiss Field traffic has increased fivefold. Flying schools and airplane manufacturers are deluged with inquiries and applications from men, and women too, who want to learn to fly.

INDEED, why not fly? The success of commercial aviation depends on whether people like to fly, whether it is easy to learn to fly one's self, whether it is within the range of the average man's pocketbook, and whether it is safe.

Almost without exception those who have flown have liked it. I had my own first flight recently, and found it comfortable, pleasant, and not at all terrifying. The plane was the Travel Air, which won the Ford Reliability Tour in 1926. It was equipped with all the instruments made by the Pioneer Instrument Company (which equipped Lindbergh's plane) and with a Wright Whirlwind engine (similar to that used by Lindbergh).



Rail and water routes now have a young rival in the field for the passenger traffic between New York and Boston. Here is the cabin of a Colonial plane serving the needs of these two cities

As the plane was wheeled out from its hangar and I prepared to take my place beside the pilot in the cockpit, a buxom Italian woman, who had apparently brought up a large family safely by keeping them on the ground, advised me to pray to the Virgin Mary for my safe return.

IT was indeed a strange sensation to leave the ground behind and soar a thousand feet above the earth with no visible means of support beneath us, but it seemed perfectly safe because I could feel the plane securely supporting me. The cockpit was snug and sheltered from the wind, and I was surprised to find that the noise of the motor seemed to be left behind and that I could talk easily with the pilot.

A crowd gathered about as we landed, and I couldn't understand why they should look at us with such awe. They asked me if I was all right, if I had been afraid, what it was like to fly. Of course I was all right; there was no reason to be otherwise. I had been afraid only once, when I looked over the side and the wind got under my helmet, which I had neglected to fasten, and threatened to blow it off. I didn't want to lose a perfectly good helmet overboard.

THERE wasn't any reason to be really afraid. The pilot was experienced and capable, the ship had won the Ford Reliability Tour, and the motor was the same as that which took Lindbergh to Paris.

One cannot say what flying is like because it is quite unique. One can only say that it is better than a boat because there is no regular rolling, better than an automobile because there are no jounces over bumps and no cares of traffic and blind corners in driving, better even than a railroad train because it is faster and entirely free from dust and smoke.

Piloting a plane is surprisingly easy. It takes experience to become proficient, of course, but one soon learns to handle a ship moving in three dimensions as automatically and subconsciously as one learns the more complicated process of

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throwing out the clutch, applying the brakes, and putting the gear shift lever in neutral when stopping an automobile.

Planes are surprisingly cheap, too. Three or four passenger planes can be bought for the price of a good automobile. Two-passenger training planes can be had for as low as $600, and palatial five-passenger inclosed planes, such as the Ryan brougham, used by Lindbergh, can be bought for $9,700, including a Wright Whirlwind motor. The cost of operation for gasoline and oil is far less per mile than that of an automobile, and the depreciation per mile of the plane is also far less than that of a car. An airplane requires less mechanical attention than an automobile, because it is less complicated and there are fewer parts to adjust and keep in order.

FINALLY, airplanes are safe—and are being made safer every month. Actual statistics of the Department of Commerce show that 95 per cent of the airplane accidents are due to sheer carelessness in one form or another, such as overloading, loading to maximum capacity with no factor of safety, or stunting. Most planes now built are so perfect in aerodynamical balance that they will fly steadily for many minutes when the pilot takes his hands off the controls. Only a railroad train guided by rails can do that. Failure of motors, the chief cause of forced landings, is becoming rare indeed.

I am in no way connected with aviation. I am just an ordinary young man, working in a busy office like countless others. I was led to fly because of the success of Lindbergh's flight, and I liked it. My experience simply bears out in at least one instance the assertion of manufacturers, pilots, and others who will prosper with the development of aviation that Lindbergh has sold aviation to the American public, and that its early development on a great scale may be expected.

The Book Table

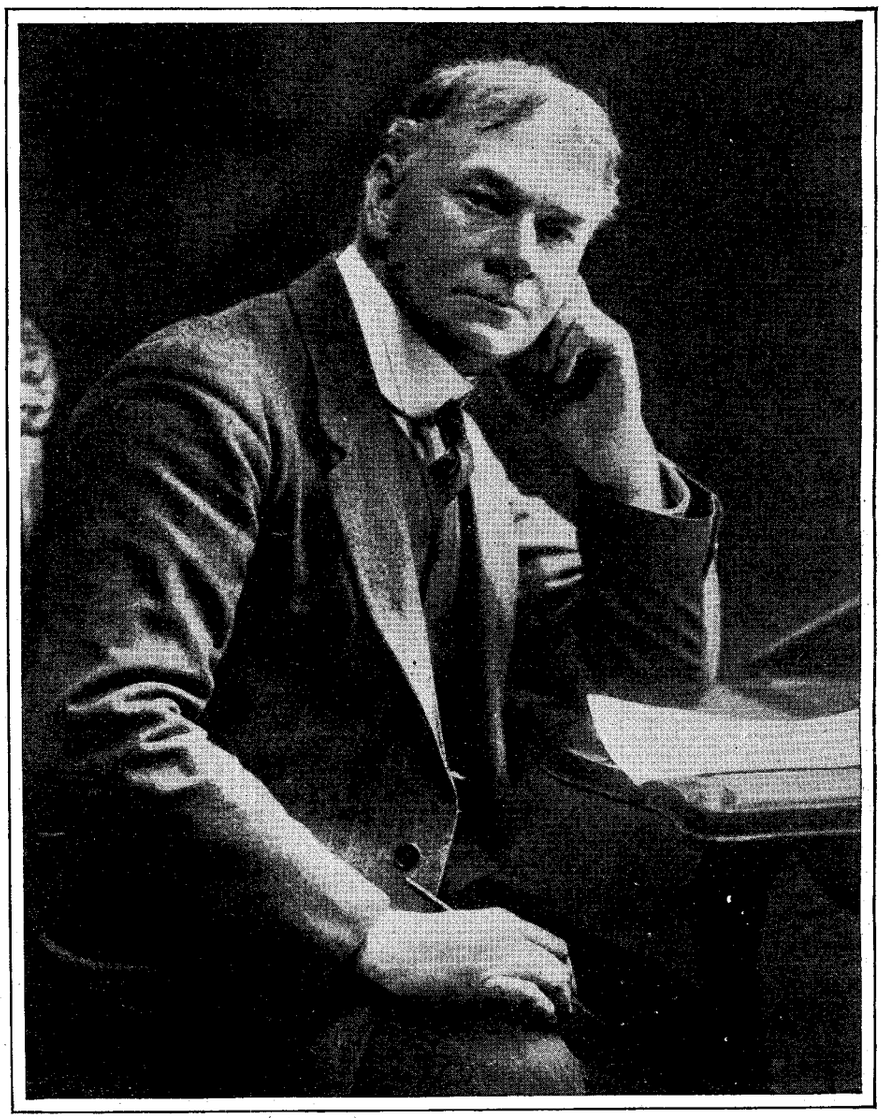
Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Jerome K. Jerome

JEROME K. JEROME'S "Three Men in a Boat" brought him instant fame. It appeared in 1889, and has been reprinted in tens of thousands of copies, read all over the earth, and translated into foreign languages. A simple and unpretentious account of a trip on the most thoroughly tamed and domesticated of all rivers, its humor appealed to nine readers out of ten. The things that happened in it had happened to all of us on holidays or at picnics, but they were related by a man with the gift of humor which is possessed by about one man in a billion.

The time was opportune. Such other humorists as there were in England were members of the perfectly well-bred, tea-cup-and-saucer school of village-curate humor. In America, Mark Twain's best books were written, and the finest of them had appeared five years earlier. Artemus Ward and the Civil War humorists were partly forgotten, except by older people. It is no wonder that the adventures of George and Harris and Montmorency went around the world and furnished allusions and anecdotes for thousands. Two other famous books, which had preceded this one, were also about adventures on the water—the travels of the Innocents in the Quaker City and the expedition down the Mississippi of Jim and Huckleberry Finn.

The conservative writers of England and the editorial staff of "Punch" disapproved of Mr. Jerome. They thought him a cockney, like Dickens. Moreover, he had the grievous handicap, from the view-point of Oxford and Cambridge, of being a humorist who made his readers laugh out loud. The academic mind hates a writer who can provoke anything more than a faint smile, unless that



Keystone

Jerome K. Jerome

Born at Walsall, England, May 2, 1859. Died at Northampton, England, June 14, 1927

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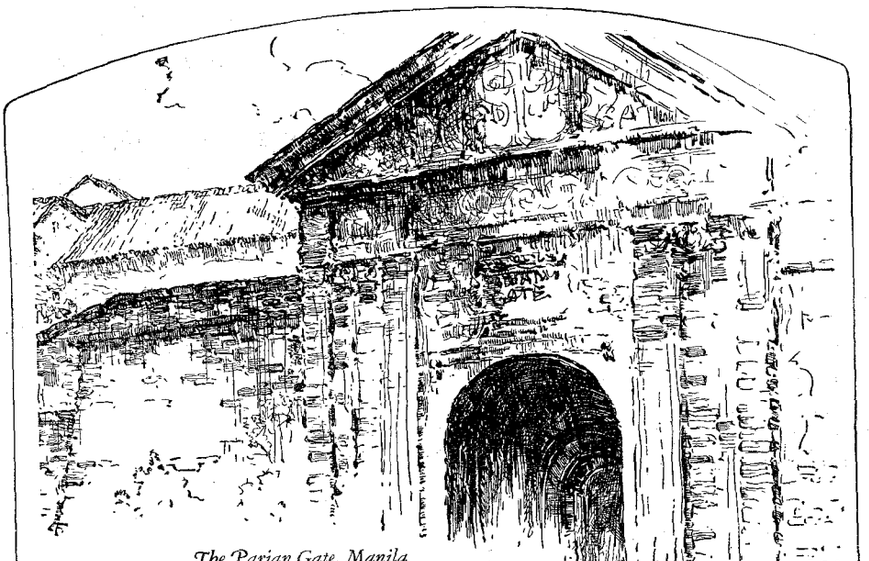
writer is named Rabelais and is sanctified by centuries of tradition. But nearly all others took the Three Men into their hearts. Their chronicler could diverge into bypaths, and still be hilariously readable. At the very outset of his trip he told of his researches in the British Museum to find out what was the matter with his health, and of his discovery that he had every disease in the medical dictionary except housemaid's knee. His account of Uncle Podger hanging the picture is in the same vein which Mr. Clare Briggs in his comic pictures has worked and reworked and grown rich upon. Montmorency is one of the finest dogs in English literature. He exhibits the soul of a genuine fox terrier, although I believe that Mr. Jerome had never owned a fox terrier when he wrote about Montmorency. It has been said that Sir James Barrie had never smoked when he wrote the great book for smokers, "My Lady Nicotine."

The Three Men wandered about the Thames and never got anywhere in particular. It has been divulged recently, in the author's autobiography, that the book was planned for a serious history of the river, just as Pickwick was planned to be the text to accompany some sporting prints. Harris and George and the narrator are human and recognizable, and attract other familiar persons wherever they go. Harris is the experienced traveler, or man-full-of-useful-information, who can act as a guide-book at any time. He volunteers to guide some people through the maze at Hampton Court and is blessed by them as an angel, until he lands them all in more of a mess than they were at first. He sings comic songs and spoils the evening for every one but himself. No one who has been boating or camping can fail to enjoy the incident when George's shirt fell overboard, or when all three tried to open the can of pineapple.

Mr. Jerome wrote a number of humorous books and some serious ones after "Three Men in a Boat," but he never surpassed it in merit or in popularity. It was his third or fourth book, and it is possible that he had written a briefer but more perfect example of humor when the "Three Men" came out. This is "Stage-Land: Curious Habits and Customs of Its Inhabitants," with the incomparable pictures by Bernard Partridge. Its humor is of that very high form which combines with amusement acute observation and criticism. I doubt whether from Aristotle to Alexander Woollcott there have been uttered any more discerning comments upon the drama. It was, of course, the old-fashioned melodrama which was satirized,



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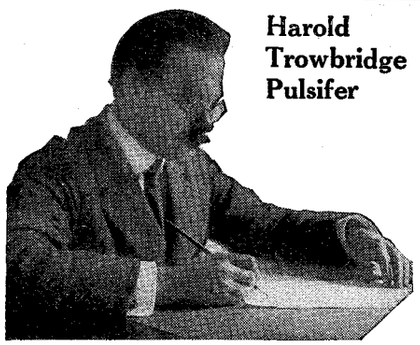

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but the characters of hero, heroine, and villain are eternal, and eternally true are these studies of them. We see their peculiarities, as Mr. Jerome described them, if not on the stage, then on the moving-picture screen, and if I taught a class of students in play-writing I would make them read this book word for word. Years ago Mr. Jerome's comments on stage "law" were quoted by Sir Henry Irving in a lecture on "Macbeth." Within a week I have seen evidence that the writers of scenarios still follow them trustfully. It is a principle of stage "law"—

"That if a man dies, without leaving a will, then all his property goes to the nearest villain.

"But if a man dies, and leaves a will, then all his property goes to whoever can get possession of that will.

"That the evidence of one prejudiced witness, of shady antecedents, is quite sufficient to convict the most stainless and irreproachable gentleman of crimes for the committal of which he could have had no possible motive.

"But that this evidence may be rebutted, years afterwards, and the conviction quashed without further trial by the unsupported statement of the comic man."

For a while after his early success Mr. Jerome wrote humorous books. His "Told After Supper" is one of the few tolerable examples of the comic ghost story, and contains the delicious anecdote of the curate who tried to exhibit his skill in playing three-card monte. "The Diary of a Pilgrimage" took its author to Oberammergau and other parts of Germany, a country which he always regarded with affection, due to his early residence there. He tried the dangerous experiment of sending the youthful heroes of his boating trip years later on a bicycle tour, and made a readable book of it. Like Mr. W. W. Jacobs, he could write a good horror story, as he showed in parts of his "Novel Notes" and in the tale called "The Woman of the Saeter." Like America's greatest humorist, he grew increasingly serious as he grew older, and, like him, his heart was torn by the sorrows and suffering which men inflict on their fellow-men. Probably his most successful novel was "Paul Kelver," and certainly his most popular play was "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," in which Forbes-Robertson toured England and America. This play was expanded from a delicately beautiful short story, and its theme, the appearance of a personage like Christ in modern life, is widely known. The only production of it which I have ever seen, by highly competent amateurs, gave me the impression of a rather cloying sweetness. Mr. Jerome had been an actor, and of his many other plays, before and after the "Third Floor Back," the one best known in this country was probably "Miss Hobbs," in which Annie Russell used to appear. Mr. Jerome made extensive lecture tours in America. His recent autobiography, "My Life and Times," reveals a humorist, a passionate reformer, and a man of deeply religious nature.

E. P.

Fiction

TWILIGHT SLEEP. By Edith Wharton. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

The central figure of Mrs. Wharton's new novel is a wealthy woman in middle life, married happily enough to a second husband after divorcing her first, and living complacently in a world of activities more or less conspicuous and chiefly futile. She is tremendously efficient within her limits, and enjoys a serene conviction that she can handle lives, her own and others, as adequately as she does household affairs, social crises, and committees; and can wave aside sorrow and suffering with the same smiling authority. She devotes herself with no conscious insincerity to fads and causes, some of them scarcely compatible. Mrs. Wharton even risks a descent to the farcical in the amusing scene where the lady's memory for one terrible moment plays her false and she finds herself opening an address to the assembled Mother's Day Meeting in words intended for next week's Birth Control Dinner. She recovers herself with a gasp in the nick of time and switches gallantly into "This is what our enemies will say—" and the sensational beginning goes far toward making the occasion a brilliant success. It is delightful; but could it have happened? One is not sure, and there are other moments when, despite the force and finish with which she is portrayed, Mrs. Manford seems rather the too perfect specimen of a type than an actual woman. That the type itself is all too real no one will doubt. The two husbands, the daughter of the second, the son of the first, his wife, the Italian cousin with no money and an ancient title—these and others form a highly sophisticated circle of complex relations and reactions such as Mrs. Wharton knows so well how to depict. A sorry circle it is, seeking for the most part smoothness, comfort, pleasure, with little sense of the larger and higher values of life. Dreams pass through the twilight sleep in which such people wrap themselves against reality, but they rarely come true; when the sleepers do awake it is oftenest to tragic disillusion, or, like Mrs. Manford, after one aghast glimpse, to close their eyes again as quickly and as tight as possible.

GIANTS IN THE EARTH. By O. E. Rölvaag. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.50.

A novel as good as this, remarkable in style, in characterization, in the perfect adjustment of figures to a setting rightly dominant yet never allowed to become overpowering—such a book needs no heightening of appeal through exterior circumstances. Yet in this case the circumstances are in themselves too interesting to ignore, for this book, written in America upon an American theme by a professor in an American college, is yet by an author of recognized European standing, and was

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first published in a foreign country and a foreign tongue. O. E. Rölvaag, born in a tiny Norwegian fishing hamlet and himself for five years a Lofoden fisherman, is now Professor of the Norwegian Language in St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota. He has lived in the United States thirty years, and has written several previous books, well known in Norway and to Norwegian Americans, but none of them translated. "Giants in the Earth" is the first to be placed within reach of English-speaking Americans. Its subtitle is "A Saga of the Prairie," and the author dedicates it "To Those of My People Who Took Part in the Great Settlings."

Of the fairly numerous group of novels which in the last few years have treated movements and episodes in the development of our country, most of them creditably, a few admirably, "Giants in the Earth" seems one of the best; which if the curb of caution were relaxed would read simply "the best." Certainly none surpasses it in conveying the sense of struggle with elemental forces of nature and human nature; nor in successfully impressing upon the imagination the cost of laying foundations, the heavy price exacted of the pioneer before the predestined structure of a state can rise. Most of our purely American novels upon the subject, even the best, are peopled with characters adequate to carry on the story, but little more; they fade soon from memory as individuals, even when the main impression of the book remains clear. It is otherwise with this prairie saga of Professor Rölvaag's. He possesses a creative ability and a finished artistry which have enabled him in Per Hansa, the natural leader, farmer, and pioneer, and in Beret, the devoted yet irreconcilable woman, homesick forever to the depths of her terrified soul, to give to the literature of America and Norway two figures which may well live in both. There can be small doubt that those who know books critically will appreciate "Giants in the Earth;" it is to be hoped that it may also reach that greater public which does not so know them, yet often, fortunately, responds with eagerness to the best.

THE IMMORTAL MARRIAGE. By Gertrude Atherton. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

A novel about Pericles and Aspasia. Carefully studied to reproduce correctly the details of life in Greece, 400 B.C., it affects us with painful recollections of high school days.

Biography

RIATA AND SPURS. By Charles A. Siringo. Introduction by Gifford Pinchot. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

The autobiography of a famous cowboy, miner, and occasional detective. Recollections of the Haymarket Anarchists in Chicago and their trial. Anecdotes of bad men and outlaws.

GEORGE ELIOT AND HER TIMES. By Elizabeth S. Haldane. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.50.

"A Victorian Study" Miss Haldane subtitles this excellent biography and appreciation of one of the greatest Victorian novelists, whom the taste of the times has of late years rather curiously tended to underestimate. George Eliot was at the height of her fame no doubt overpraised, although her most obvious faults were even then quite generally recognized. But when all is said that can be said in criticism—and her worst could be very bad—her better work still remains so abundant, her humor so rich and genuine, her human understanding and sympathy so profound, her spiritual quality so high, and the beauty and nobility of her best so memorable that no temporary ebb and flow of literary fashion is likely to seriously undermine her position. Miss Haldane's study

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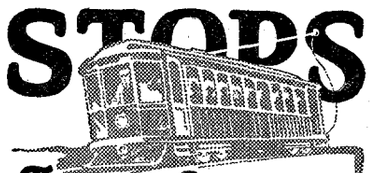
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of the novelist's work and methods is interesting and illuminating; her study of the woman is even more so. Although modestly deprecating the value of her book as a biography of facts, she has been able to throw light upon several episodes hitherto obscure, and with this help and her own soundly interpretative mind she presents a portrait at once more credible, more consistent, and more interesting than any with which we are acquainted. George Eliot's fortunate and happy union with George Henry Lewes was, of necessity, as it appeared at the time, outside the law; although a few years later it could easily have been within it, for the law was changed. But a lawless union in the Mid-Victorian epoch was so tremendous a break that the woman in the case seemed completely set apart at one sweep from all the conventions, preferences, habits, ideals, and aspirations of the normal woman of the period; she must surely be another kind of creature altogether!

Yet George Eliot was not. Her intellect and her courage did set her apart, it is true; but she remained in a score of other things, some small and some great, essentially and deeply Victorian. She was not readily or easily a rebel; instinctively she preferred loyalty and obedience to revolt. Deeply conscientious, introspective, spiritually seeking, intellectually honest, she was a woman of intense domestic affections and in her girlhood of ready sentimental susceptibility. The struggle between her opposite selves, her gradual achievement of happiness and harmony, and the reflection of her personal development in her books Miss Haldane has shown with admirable clarity and insight.

Two of the four portraits used as illustrations to the volume are especially interesting and satisfactory; one, the frontispiece, from a portrait by Sir Frederick Burton, hitherto unpublished, and much more agreeable in expression than that by which she is usually known. A quaint and delightful silhouette sketch in profile is also new and depicts a young and girlish Mary Ann Evans with a high Victorian bust, a funny little Victorian knob of hair at the back of her head, and showers of Victorian ringlets descending upon her shoulders.

Plays

MARCO MILLIONS. By Eugene O'Neill. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

It has already been announced that the Theatre Guild will produce this play next season. Without doubt, they will have their hands full, with its crowds, its frequent changes of scene, and a central character who is fifteen years old at the start and a full-grown man not many scenes later. Equally without doubt, the play, if properly cast and produced, will prove as rewarding as it is difficult. In this ironic study of Marco Polo as a fourteenth-century Babbitt, avaricious, insensitive, and pompous, O'Neill is shown in an unwonted light as a wielder of pointed satire, although still the incorrigible mystic, and, as in the songs of the boatswain, sailors, and women, the writer of beautiful poetry. The more accustomed O'Neill of tragic frustration is seen in the figures of Kublai Khan and the Princess. All the elements combine into a rich and many-colored whole in the reading. It will be interesting to see whether the same fusion will be achieved on the stage.

The Movies

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES. By Iris Barry. Payson & Clarke, Ltd., New York. $3.

A young English writer and critic of the "cinema," who discusses the subject in London weeklies and dailies, now writes an illustrated history and comment on the whole subject. Often sensible, often annoyingly cock-sure in her manner, Miss Barry seems to think that the best way to express contempt for anything is to call it "American." There is appended a glossary of English terms for American readers, which presupposes that well-read Americans are ignorant of English slang. The presumption is unwarranted.

Humor

THE THIRD READER. By Fred Schaefer. Illustrated by A. D. Condo. The Longacre Press, New York. $1.

Amusing parody of the old school readers. The text is excellent and the pictures admirable. The only fault of this little book is that there is not more of it.

WHOOPS DEARIE! By Peter Arno. Simon & Schuster, New York. $1.75.

If a man makes a popular epigram in five words, he is invited to expand it into an epic, a five-act play, a three-reel movie, and a 600-page novel. Mr. Arno, having drawn the highly amusing pictures of the Whoops Sisters in the "New Yorker," has succumbed to the temptation and made them into a brief novel. He has the success which attended the man who built a comic opera round one joke.

Travel

FROM CORSAIR TO RIFFIAN. By Isabel Anderson, Litt.D. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

It will be remembered that Dr. Anderson is not only the author of "The Kiss and the Queue," "Captain Ginger's Fairy," and other works, but also the wife of Lars Anderson, former Ambassador to Japan, and as such she has traveled continuously and extensively in foreign lands. This book follows the Andersons through North Africa—Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco—recounting their not too exciting adventures in a pleasant, homely way. Almost too homely, perhaps; it all reads very much like Cousin Grayce's letters from Europe, bolstered up with a few snappy quotations from the encyclopædia. Enthusiastic movie-goers will want to learn about the Foreign Legion. They will miss the red képi and blue overcoats of "Beau Geste," for the Legion has been wearing khaki for about twelve years now. The Légionnaires have two meals a day—and a litre of wine. They wear no socks, and before a march rub tallow on their toes. Undoubtedly there are more important things than this in the book, but they slip the memory.

Sociology

MAN: AN INDICTMENT. By Anthony M. Ludovici. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

The author argues—quoting many authorities—that woman's present eminence is due merely to man's present degeneracy. Man, especially in Mr. Ludovici's own country (England) and in America, is physically and intellectually degenerate. He does not keep woman in her proper place. The author's book is buttressed by many citations from the writers on the topic of sex, and deserves serious consideration. Yet he admits that its topic does not make him popular at dinner tables. As its theme is that women only seem to be clever because men, every day, are becoming bigger and bigger fools, we can readily believe that his contentions would find few flattered listeners.

Politics

COVERING WASHINGTON. By J. Frederick Essary. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore "Sun" (*i. e.*, the *Sun-paper*) writes a thoroughly interesting book about men and politics in Washington. The Presidents and their ways with newspaper

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men is the chief theme. The newspaper men are given a pretty spotless character; the Presidents come out almost as well; but some of the minor officials look a little dusty.

AMERICA COMES OF AGE. A French Analysis by André Siegfried. Translated from the French by H. H. Hemming and Doris Hemming. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $3.

A thorough inspection of America, and most of its institutions, by a well-informed and widely traveled Frenchman.

Science

THE NEW MEDICAL FOLLIES. By Morris Fishbein, M.D. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

Sound wisdom, expressed in a dozen witty chapters. About medical fads and quackeries. Author is editor of the "Journal of the American Medical Association."

Religion

THE LIFE OF PRAYER IN A WORLD OF SCIENCE. By William Adams Brown. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.25.

The question asked by probably the majority of those eager for religion's help but troubled by a too recent conversion to belief in evolution or by a too great importance attached to its meaning is, How in a world of unbreakable physical laws can we pray to God? Dr. Brown's book is a quiet, helpful, constructive answer to the question. It not alone meets the difficulty with replies furnished by science itself, but even more so analyzes prayer that its positive meaning in itself makes reply. We have read no book lately better illustrating how by a critical study of a subject the very atmosphere which that subject needs is created. We recommend "The Life of Prayer in a World of Science" both as a handbook for study and for rewarding, meditative reading.

Gardening

MY WILD FLOWER GARDEN. By Herbert Durand. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

This helpful and attractive volume, fully illustrated with photographs and a colored frontispiece, is one more of those delightful garden books happily so abundant nowadays that tempt the owner of the tiniest plot to capture for himself at least something of the beauty they portray. A wild-flower garden, while usually possible as a special nook in a garden of more formal type, is often attainable where that type is not. A rocky knoll, a shady corner, a bit of rough ground, can be, with a little knowledge and patience, transformed into something lovely; and that frequently, if the owner can get into the country and secure his treasures from their natural habitat, at little or no expense. Mr. Durand's book points the way to fascinating possibilities for great and little gardens.

History

A HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES DURING LINCOLN'S ADMINISTRATION. By John Bach McMaster. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $5.

A 600-page history of the Civil War. Maps, but no illustrations. The actions of the Governments and the operations of the armies are described, but the conditions and feelings of the people, South and North, are emphasized.

Poems

THE RIVERSIDE BOOK OF VERSE, 1250–1925. Compiled by Robert M. Gay. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

This is an admirable book of verses to take with you underneath the bough. You can put the loaf of bread under your arm, for this book will go easily in the pocket. It is a fine selection; over 600 pages in length, from those poems in early English which nobody wishes to read (but which every college professor, and Mr. Gay is a professor, thinks that we ought to like) down to the work of living poets. The book contains some admirable poems which many anthologists fail to include. It is well printed and convenient.

Philosophy

PLATONISM AND THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75.

Differences of opinion between eminent men produce interesting books. Viscount Haldane disagrees with John Dewey on the nature of experience, and "Human Experience" is the result. The present compact little book takes issue, urbanely and beautifully, with Dean Inge's identification of points common to Platonism and to spiritual religion in a recent Hulsean Lecture at Cambridge. After restating the meaning of Platonic values, "at the risk of parting company with Dean Inge and even with Plato," Mr. Santayana concludes that "spiritual life is not a worship of 'values,' whether found in things or hypostatized into supernatural powers. It is the exact opposite: it is *disintoxication* from their influence." That statement is not quoted with any intention of making the layman untrained in philosophy shudder and pass on. Apart from assuming that hypostasis is a household word with his readers, Mr. Santayana is generally at somewhat unusual pains to make himself understood throughout this brief essay.

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I am interested in a small way in the production of oil. I have a small farm which produces about ten barrels of oil a day. So, you see, at the present price of that necessary commodity I can about pay the groceryman—and am also trying to educate and care for a family.

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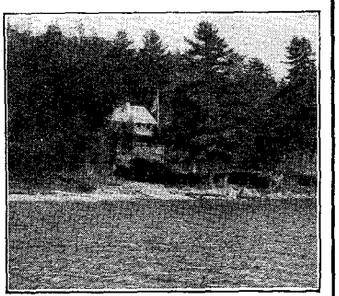

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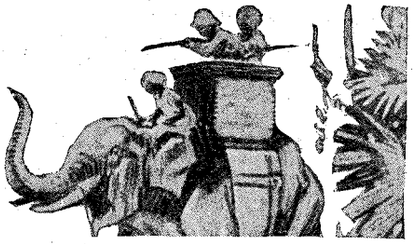

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By the Way

"Covering Washington," a book by J. F. Essary, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore "Sun," contains some of the impossible stories that have been assigned to Washington newspaper men.

One correspondent received a wire from his paper:

"Please rush immediately names of all unknown dead soldiers from Wisconsin."

A correspondent of the New York "American" got the following order one night:

"We have information that there is something in the air. Get it and send us 1,000 words."

An Indianapolis newspaper is said to have wired its representative as follows:

"Get interview with President Roosevelt on local political situation. And tell him to make it short."

She was still rather new at driving a car and a little bit confused in traffic. Down Broadway she forgot to stop soon enough at the signal and shot out into the middle of the street.

Pompously the traffic officer bore down upon her.

"Didn't you see me hold up my hand?" he shouted fiercely.

The culprit gasped a breathless "Yes."

"Didn't you know that when I held up my hand it meant—Stop?"

"No, sir; I'm just a school-teacher," she said in a timid, mouselike voice, "and when you raised your hand like that I thought you wanted to ask a question."

Providing telephone and telegraph facilities for President Coolidge's summer home in the Black Hills of South Dakota will cost about $200,000, according to Albert Turner, transmission engineer of the Northwestern Bell Telephone Company.

The London "Sketch" moralizes: "You are a smithy; your anvil, life. Keep swinging the hammer, despite all strife. Honest your purpose; stroke that is true; joy in the thing you are trying to do."

A kind old gentleman, noticing a small boy carrying a lot of newspapers under his arm, said, "Don't all those papers make you tired, my boy?"

"Naw, I don't read them," the lad replied.

From the "Christian Advocate:"

Don C. Seitz tells a story of one of Joseph Pulitzer's reporters who had been sent to a revival meeting. In the midst of the proceedings an exhorter bent over the young man and said, "Will you not come forward?" "Excuse me," was the reply, "but I am a reporter, and I am here only on business." "But," said the revivalist, "there is no business so momentous as the Lord's." "Maybe not," answered the reporter; *"but you don't know Mr. Pulitzer."*

"What have you decided to say in your next speech?" Senator Sorghum of the Washington "Star" was asked.

"As little as possible," replied the Senator. "My constituents now regard me as a standard article, and I don't require as much salesmanship as I used to."

"Why, pa, this is roast beef!" exclaimed little Willie at dinner one evening when a guest of honor was present.

"Of course; what of that?" said his father.

"Why, you told ma this morning that you were going to bring an old muttonhead home for dinner this evening."

Another tip to the wise from "Grit:"

The codfish lays a million eggs,
And the helpful hen lays one,
But the codfish doesn't cackle,
To tell us what she's done;
And so we scorn the codfish coy,
And the helpful hen we prize,
Which indicates to you and me,
That it pays to advertise.

Two farmers met in town a few days after a cyclone hit the countryside.

"Yes, it did quite a bit of damage out our way," said one, reflectively. "By the way, Hank, was that new barn of yours injured any?"

The other shifted his wad of chewing tobacco.

"I can't say rightly," he answered, slowly. "I ain't found it yet."

W. R. Morehouse, president of the savings division of the American Bankers Association, writes:

"To-day, if you drop a penny on the sidewalk, you almost hesitate to pick it up. If you drop a nickel or a dime in your office, you are tempted to remark, 'Oh, let the janitor get it.' It isn't so much the high cost of living these days as it is the lack of appreciation of the value of smaller coins."

"Mary's Little Lamb" may not have gone to school, but here is a dog which did. *Vide* the Norway, Maine, "Advertiser:"

"Buster" Lombard, the brown spaniel dog belonging to Donald Lombard, of Otisfield, died Monday morning, May 16, age ten years. He will be greatly missed at the Spurr's Corner School, where he has been a regular attendant for six years, beginning with Donald, when he entered school. He always had a lunch, but teacher and scholars had something for him, too. He had a seat, which he always got into as soon as the bell rang. If he was ever tardy, he would bark at the door to be let in. When the signals were given for recess and noon hour, he would immediately take place in the line and march out with the scholars.

When the new schoolhouse was opened, he showed very plainly that he did not like it by not coming as regularly.

From the "Christian Register:"

When the waiter said to the Professor of English, "Did you say pudden, sir?" the enraged diner answered: "I did not—and I hope I never shall."

There had been a blowout and the father of the family was perspiringly and profanely changing tires.

"I don't see why you have to talk that way," said his wife, reproachfully. "You act as if it were a total loss. You never see the good in things."

"Well, what good is there in this?"

"Why, it tickled the baby so. He laughed right out loud when it went bang."

From an exchange:

Employer: "Surely, Miss Jenks, you know the king's English?"

Surprised typist: "Of course he is—isn't he, sir?"

The deferred-payment plan has reached the Zulus in Africa, according to William H. Dodge, just returned from that country. He is reported in "Editor and Publisher" as saying that Zulu men now buy their wives on the "one cow down and one cow a month" system.

Answer to last week's puzzle: "Trifling."

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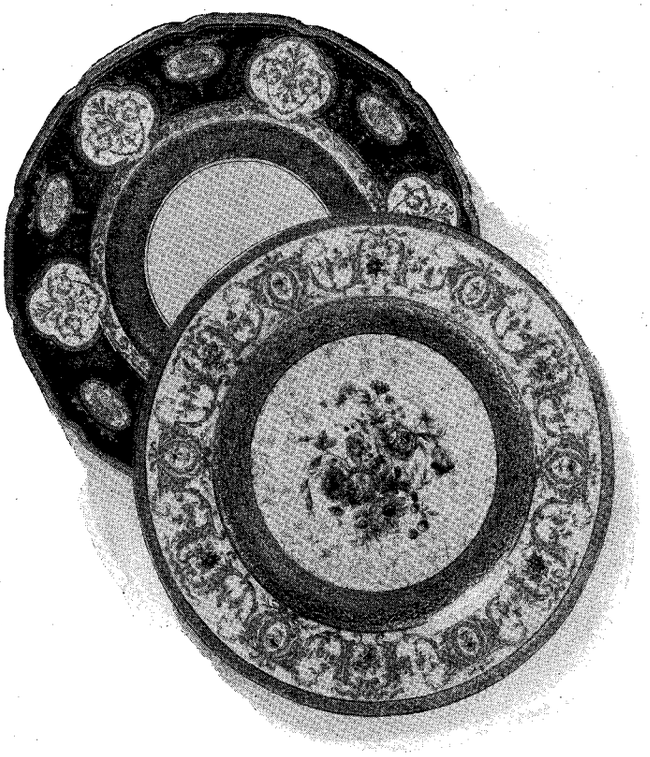

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